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1807.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS TICKELL.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

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TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE LORD PRIVY SEAL,

ON THE

PROSPECT OF PEACE.

—— Sacerdos
Fronde super Mitram, et felici comptus oliva. VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings and fields of death too long
Have been the subject of the British song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube chok'd with slain?
Exhausted themes! a gentler note I raise,
And sing returning Peace in softer lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the silvan shade.
Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,
And Heav'n and Anna bless Britannia's isle.
Well sends our queen her mitred Bristol forth,
For early counsels fam'd and long-tried worth,
Who thirty rolling years had oft withheld
The Swede and Saxon from the dusty field,

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Completely form'd to heal the Christian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds,
The face of ravag'd Nature to repair,
By leagues to soften earth, and Heaven by pray'r;
To gain by love where rage and slaughter fail,
And make the crosier o'er the sword prevail.
So when great Moses with Jehovah's wand
Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,
Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,
Now turn'd Nile's fattening streams to putrid gore,
Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,
And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.
O Thou! from whom these bounteous blessings flow,
To whom, as chief, the hopes of Peace we owe,
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To style companion, and to make their friend,
Great Strafford! rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the second place)
From Britain's isle and Isis' sacred spring,
One hour, oh! listen while the Muses sing.
Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait
With beating hearts to learn their masters' fate,
One hour forbear to speak thy queen's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands;
The blissful prospects in my verse display'd
May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade;
Ev'n thou to Peace shalt speedier urge the way,
And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

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ON THE

PROSPECT OF PEACE.

The haughty Gaul in ten campaigns o'erthrown
Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground.
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made timorous vows and brib'd the saints in vain;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams;
On glory past reflects with secret pain,
On mines exhausted and on millions slain.
To Britain's queen the sceptred suppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy,
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.
At her decree the war suspended stands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands;
Their open brows no threatening frowns disguise,
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
Doubt if they're those whom dreadful to the view
In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew;

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At whose dire names ten thousand widows press'd
Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
In silent rapture each his foe surveys;
They vow firm friendship and give mutual praise.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends;
Their generous discord with the battle ends:
In Peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound;
The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
And scatter'd armies seek their native land.
The hardy veteran proud of many a scar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to share his friends' illustrious doom,
And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
And, sighing, bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous Fair! receive the brave with smiles;
O'erpay their sleepless nights and crown their toils:
Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due;
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires
When English valour English beauty fires:
The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And smiles or trembles at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancied line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then sets the' invested fort before her eyes,
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies;

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His little listening progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.
Such dire achievements sings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells,
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'er-
throw,
And cleave a giant at a random blow;
Slay paynims vile that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury and the dragon's flame.
Our eager youth to distant nations run,
To visit fields their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they
trace,
Till far Germania shows her blasted face.
The' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria tried?
Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame?—
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name.
Here fled the household, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field:
On those steep banks near Danube's raging flood:
The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood:
When Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not
long,
But plung'd amidst the waves a desperate throng!
Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watry
bed,
And drove the current to its distant head.
As when by Raphael's or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courser on the canvass stands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore,
If chance a generous steed the work behold,
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold;

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So Hochstet seen, tumultuous passions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul,
In fancied fights he sees the troops engage,
And all the tempest of the battle rage.
Charm me, ye Powers! with scenes less nobly bright;
Far humbler thoughts the' inglorious Muse delight,
Content to see the horrors of the field
By ploughshares levell'd or in flowers conceal'd.
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And grass luxuriant clothe the harmless mine;
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground;
While shepherds sleep, along the rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.
Who was the man, (oblivion blast his name,
Torn out and blotted from the list of fame!)
Who fond of lawless rule and proudly brave
First sunk the filial subject to a slave,
His neighbours' realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd,
Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,
And fitted murder to the rules of art?
Ah! curst Ambition! to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below;
Curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
His year's whole sweat and vainly ripen'd fields;
Curst by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
When left a widow though not yet a bride;
By mothers curst, when floods of tears they shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead!
Oh, sacred Bristol! then what dangers prove
The arts thou smil'st on with paternal love!

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Then mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvass glows;
To shades obscure the glittering sword pursues
The gentle poet and defenceless Muse:
A voice like thine alone might then assuage
The warrior's fury and control his rage;
To hear thee speak might the fierce Vandal stand,
And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far hence be driven to Scythia's stormy shore
The drum's harsh music and the cannon's roar.
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain
Where Tartar clans and grisly Cossacks reign;
Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes,
To death grey heads and smiling infants doom,
Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb,
O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,
The savage lord of an unpeopled land!

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws
From pure religion and impartial laws;
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,
And holds in equal scales the rival kings:
Her generous sons in choicest gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.
As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings)
Awak'd by nereids from the ocean springs,
With smiles she sees the threatening billows rise,
Spreads smooth the surge and clears the low'ring skies,
Light o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd,
The pearly couch and silver turtles bound,
Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene
Britannia's isle, the Ocean's stately queen!

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In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall:
Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader or what land opprest
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redrest!
Say where have e'er her Union Crosses sail'd,
But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd!
Her labours are to plead the' Almighty's cause,
Her pride to teach the' untam'd Barbarian laws.
Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize,
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne
The king whose power half Europe's regions own,
Whose sceptre waving, with one shout rush forth
In swarms, the harness'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice pursued his tedious way
To court our friendship and our fame survey!
Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
And round his empire spread the learned store:
(To' adorn old realms is more than new to raise;
His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)
His bands now march in just array to war,
And Caspian gulfs unusual navies bear;
With runic lays Smolensko's forests ring,
And wondering Volga hears the Muses sing.
Did not the painted kings of India greet
Our Queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet?
Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff't,
Fam'd for the javelin and envenom'd shaft,
Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before:
Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.

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Blest use of pow'r! O virtuous pride in kings!
And like his bounty whence dominion springs!
Which o'er new worlds makes Heaven's indulgence shine,
And ranges myriads under laws divine!
Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
With groves of spices and with mines of gold.
Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
And roams securely o'er the boundless main.
Now o'er his head the polar Bear he spies,
And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
Now swells his canvass to the sultry line,
With glittering spoils where Indian grottos shine,
Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
Here nearer suns prepare the ripening gem
To grace great Anne's imperial diadem;
And here the ore whose melted mass shall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field,
Which mix'd with medals of immortal Rome
May clear disputes, and teach the time to come.
In circling beams shall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe;
In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,
Webb's firm platoon and Lumley's faithful band;
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntless breast;
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,
And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold:
And if the Muse, O Bristol! might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,
The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.
Such are the honours grateful Britain pays,
So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise:

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O'er distant times such records shall prevail
When English numbers antiquated fail:
A trifling song the Muse can only yield,
And soothe her soldiers panting from the field;
To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,
And raise their battles in the rural shade.
From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms,
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my Muse! and softly touch the string;
Here Henry lov'd, and Chaucer learnt to sing.
Hail, fabled grotto! hail, Elysian soil!
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to shine unknown,
Where Love and War by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear,
The wearied champion lull in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen
By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd thy heroes' mighty shades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades;
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favourite sound.
Here, here at least, thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more;
Vice of great souls alone! O thirst of fame!
The Muse admires it while she strives to blame.
Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,
Or view the coursers stretch in wild career.
This lovely scene shall soothe thy soul to rest,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breast;
With pleasure by thy conquests shalt thou see
The queen triumphant and all Europe free:

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No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,
But what thou giv'st the world, thyself enjoy.
Sweet solitude! when life's gay hours are past,
Howe'er we rang'd, in thee we fix at last:
Tost through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly shore:
Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,
And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span?
If bright the prospect, we the grave defy;
Trust future ages, and contented die.
When strangers from far distant climes shall come
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
Where, rear'd aloft, dissembled trophies stand,
And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes shall fill the storied wall,
Heirs of thy blood, shall o'er their bounteous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword;
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps that drown'd the groans of gasping Gauls;
Fair dames shall oft with curious eye explore
The costly robes that slaughter'd generals wore,
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
(Hesperian nuns the gorgeous 'broidery wrought)
Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horseman's pride,
And Gaul's fair flowers in human crimson dy'd.
Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy
Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,
Shall gaze transported on its glittering charms,
And reach it struggling with unequal arms,
By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,
Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.

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So in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
The little Loves in sport his falchion wield,
Or join their strength to heave his pondrous shield;
One, strokes the plume in Tityon's gore imbrued,
And one, the spear that reeks with Typhon's blood;
Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.
Thus the rude tempest of the field o'erblown
Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on;
Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy past dangers and absolve the stars.
But, oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd shades! whom widow'd Albion mourns?
If your thin forms yet discontented moan,
And haunt the mangled mansions once your own,
Behold what flowers the pious Muses strow,
And tears which in the midst of triumph flow;
Cypress and bays your envied brows surround,
Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,
And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound!
Accept, great Anne! the tears their memory draws
Who nobly perish'd in their sovereign's cause;
For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vast price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath must tell
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.
Great Queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs pale,
On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale,

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Whose arm like Mercy wounds, decides like Fate,
On whose decree the nations anxious wait;
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
Its circling skies shall see no setting sun;
Thee, thee, an hundred languages shall claim,
And savage Indians swear by Anna's name;
The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,
And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain
The watry kingdoms, and control the main;
Magellan's straits to Gibraltar they join,
Across the seas a formidable line:
The sight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,
But, pleas'd, see Dunkirk now a guiltless shore.
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound,
Her giant genius takes a mighty stride,
And sets his foot beyond the' encroaching tide;
On either bank the land its master knows,
And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes across the raging flood,
Stupendous form! the vast Colossus stood,
(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride)
A whole hour's sail scarce reach'd the further side,
Betwixt his brazen thighs in loose array
Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

By Harley's counsels Dunkirk now restor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord:
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,
Who, boldly faithful, met his sovereign's frown,
And scorn'd for gold to yield the' important town

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His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,
And France still trembles at a Harley's name.
A fort so dreadful to our English shore
Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests more,
Whose vast expenses to such sums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out the' account,
Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast towers restrain,
Its weakest ramparts are the rocks and main.
His boast great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendship, Anna! with the mighty prize.
Holland repining, and in grief cast down,
Sees the new glories of the British crown.
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes more dreadful than the Gaul invite;
Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage
Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
To rend the banks, and pour at one command
Thy realm, the sea, o'er their precarious land.
Henceforth be thine, Vicegerent of the skies!
Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise,
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
Chase the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war;
Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age.
Blest change! the soldier's late destroying hand
Shall rear new temples in his native land;
Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our sacred fold;
On her own works the pious queen shall smile,
And turn her cares upon her favourite isle.
So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
Array'd in clouds and wrapt in mantling flames;

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He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,
And his red arm the forky vengeance flings:
At length, Heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war
To roll his orb and guide his destin'd star,
To shed kind fate and lucky hours bestow,
And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait:
These guard the church, and those direct the state.
To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,
The Church her towery forehead gently rears;
She begs her pious son to' assert her cause,
Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws;
With holy zeal the sacred work begin,
To bend the stubborn and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's Earl in careful thought shall stand,
To raise his queen and save a sinking land.
The wealthiest glebe to ravenous Spaniards known
He marks, and makes the golden world our own;
Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the store with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree that bore Hesperian gold,
The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold;
His eyes uprearing to the' untasted prey,
The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride shall every art renew,
(The arts with you fam'd Harcourt shall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke, the Muse's friend.)
With piercing eye some search where Nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darksome maze;
Whence health from herbs, from seeds how groves begun,
How vital streams in circling eddies run;

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Some teach, why round the sun the spheres advance
In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance;
How tides when heav'd by pressing moons o'erflow,
And sun-born Iris paints her showery bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound;
But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage.
Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
To mend our morals and our taste refine;
Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
Nor, Prior! hast thou hush'd the trump in vain;
Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain;
New tales shall now be told: if right I see,
The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.
Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars
Shall raise mock heroes and fantastic wars.
Like the young spreading laurel, Pope! thy name
Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame.
With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.
That much-lov'd youth whom Utrecht's walls confine
To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join:
He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for just thinking and poetic laws,
To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
The strictest critic and the kindest friend.
Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays
Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
Cherish'd by you, in time may grow to fame,
And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.

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Fir'd with the views this glittering scene displays,
And smit with passion for my country's praise,
My artless reed attempts this lofty theme
Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream;
In cloister'd domes, the great Philippa's pride,
Where learning blooms while fame and worth preside;
Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
And Edward form'd his Cressy yet unfought;
Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
Here thy commands, O Lancaster! inflame
My eager breast to raise the British name,
Urge on my soul with no ignoble pride
To woo the Muse whom Addison enjoy'd;
See that bold swan to Heav'n sublimely soar,
Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

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THE

ROYAL PROGRESS[1].

WHEN Brunswick first appear'd, each honest heart,
Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;
For him the songsters in unmeasur'd odes
Debas'd Alcides and dethron'd the gods;
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the Sultan's head.
One in old fables and the Pagan strain,
With nymphs and Tritons wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills the' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes some druid to foretel
Each future triumph from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My Muse the' expected hero shall pursue
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view;
His shining march describe, in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise:

[1] Written as a compliment to George the First, on his arrival in the British dominions.

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Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.
By longing nations for the throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind,
With secret grief his godlike soul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines;
While pray'rs and tears his destin'd progress stay,
And crowds of mourners choke their sovereign's way.
Not so he march'd when hostile squadrons stood
In scenes of death and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courser paw'd the' Hungarian plain,
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain,
His frontiers past the Belgian bounds he views,
And cross the level fields his march pursues:
Here pleas'd, the land of Freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway:
O'er the thin soil with silent joy he spies
Transplanted woods and borrow'd verdure rise,
Where every meadow won with toil and blood
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruit and flowers the careful hind supplies,
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise;
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heaven decree,
And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty!
Through stately towns and many a fertile plain
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main;
Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.
In Haga's towers he waits, till eastern gales
Propitious rise to swell the British sails;
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendships of the neighbouring kings:

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Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
Takes in the blended interests of mankind.
The world's great patriot! calm thy anxious breast;
Secure in him, O Europe! take thy rest:
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By rocks or streams, the mounds which Heav'n
design'd;
The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
Nor shall thy hills, Pirene! rise in vain.
But see! to Briton's isle the squadrons stand,
And leave the sinking towers and lessening land;
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vast deep, great Monarch! dart thine
eyes;
A watry prospect bounded by the skies;
Ten thousand vessels from ten thousand shores
Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores;
Behold the tributes hastening to thy throne,
And see the wide horizon all thy own!
Still is it thine. Though now the cheerful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs just whitening to the view,
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarse resounding main.
As in the flood he sails from either side,
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;
A various scene the wide-spread landscape yields
O'er rich enclosures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills:

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Fair Greenwich hid in woods, with new delight
Shade above shade now raises to the sight,
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,
And guard the island which they grac'd before.
The sun, now rolling down the western way
A blaze of fires, renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry!
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly:
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
'Welcome, great Stranger! to our longing eyes;
Oh, king desir'd!' adopted Albion cries,
'For thee the East breathed out a prosperous breeze,
Bright were the suns and gently swell'd the seas;
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes;
That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
The same their aspect and their voice the same.'
So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the same beauties bloom in either face,
The puzzled strangers which is which inquire,
Delusion grateful to the smiling sire.
From that fair hill [2] where hoary sages boast
To name the stars and count the heavenly host,
By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
Proud Town! the noblest scene beneath the skies!

[2] Mr. Flamstead's house, now the Observatory in Greenwich-park.

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O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
And a vast navy hides his ample bed;
A floating forest! from the distant strand
A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land;
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array
Before their king triumphant lead the way:
Far as the eye can reach the gaudy train
A bright procession shines along the plain.
So haply through the heaven's wide pathless ways
A comet draws a long-extended blaze,
From east to west burns through the' ethereal frame,
And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.
Now to the regal towers securely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Resumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining throng
Select to heighten and adorn her song?
Thee, Halifax! to thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd! is Britain's wealth consign'd:
Her coin, while Nassau fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we see,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
Mixt wit with pomp, and dignity with ease;
Though call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on arts thyself did once adorn:
For this thy name succeeding times shall praise,
And envy less thy garter than thy bays.
The Muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,

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Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
And sing the opening wonders of his reign;
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant consort and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes,
Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre sway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

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KENSINGTON GARDEN.

—— Campus, ubi Troja fuit. VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighbouring lands,
'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric! stands,
And sees each spring luxuriant in her bow'rs,
A snow of blossoms and a wild of flow'rs,
The dames of Britain oft in clouds repair
To gravel walks and unpolluted air:
Here, while the Town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies;
Each walk with robes of various dies bespread
Seems from afar a moving tulip bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.
Here England's daughter, darling of the land!
Sometimes surrounded with her virgin band
Gleams through the shades; she, towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest;
Form'd to gain hearts that Brunswick's cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side.
Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air,
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair

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Pour'd in his Danes, ere elder Julius came,
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name,
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.
You who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair! your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevell'd the gay Garden lies.
If generous anguish for another's pains
Ere heav'd your hearts or shiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.
That hollow space, where now in living rows
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave:
The landscape now so sweet, we well may praise,
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,
Far sweeter was it when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd!
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring
Rose the proud palace of the elfin king;
For every hedge of vegetable green
In happier years a crowded street was seen;
Nor all those leaves that now the prospect grace
Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder I relate.
When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the sprightly Fairies play'd
On every hill, and danc'd in every shade;

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But, foes to sunshine, most they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight;
They hew'd their houses in the arching rock,
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak,
Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
The distant murmurs of the falling rill;
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pitied the huge wretched sons of earth:
Ev'n now 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
And strive to view their airy forms in vain;
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the shy leveret or the mother hare,
The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this Garden then with woods o'ergrown
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon:
From every region to his palace gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
Who rank'd in council round the sacred shade
Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd;
Hence in proud robes and colours bright and gay
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,
May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and splendour of the Fairy race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
Stolen from the couch of some terrestrial dame;

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For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.
It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah, for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay,
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.
Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah, wretched nymph! to future evils blind:
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft hard-hearted of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine.
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay-rob'd Fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy:
Each supple limb she swath'd and tender bone,
And to the elfin standard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daisy's root,
Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man;
Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confest:

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A foot in height how stately did he show!
How look superior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toss the rushy lance?
Who move so graceful in the mazy dance?
A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
What Elf could boast? or such a flow of hair?
Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd;
She whom at distance thrones and princedoms view'd,
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued,
In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.
He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew
Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night.
When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye
Did ever Albion think the tree too high?
He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
To her the' inscription on their eggs he read;
(Admire, ye clerks! the youth whom Milkah bred)
To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their use.
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well sung Ovid 'There's no herb for love.'
As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,

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The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break
His painful silence till the mortal speak;
So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,
Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd:
He saw her anguish and reveal'd his flame,
And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-tied dame.
The day would fail me should I reckon o'er
The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore,
In words so melting that, compar'd with those,
The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux
Would sound like compliments from country clowns
To red-cheek'd sweethearts in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flowers (a Fairy forest) grew:
'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
The still, the secret, silent hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulips' ample shade
Sat the young lover and the' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies slept. Ah, luckless fair!
Hid but in vain in the sun's noontide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
Thus all the softness of his soul exprest:

'All things are hush'd; the sun's meridian rays
Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:
Nor moon nor star in heaven's blue arch is seen,
With kindly rays to silver o'er the green;
Grateful to fairy eyes they secret take
Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
A world to me, a multitude in one.
Oh! sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
When the sky opens and the evening dawns!

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Straight as the pink that towers so high in air!
Soft as the blowbell! as the daisy fair!
Blest be the hour when first I was convey'd
An infant captive to this blissful shade!
And blest the hand that did my form refine,
And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!
Glad, I for thee renounce my royal birth,
And all the giant daughters of the Earth.
Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
Renounce thy kind, and love for love return;
So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
A race unknown of demigods shall rise.
O speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
And sweetly swear my rising fears away.'

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus the' enamour'd maid replies:

'By all the stars, and first, the glorious moon,
I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
Where'er my footsteps in the dance are seen
May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green;
May the keen east-wind blight my favourite flowers,
And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bow'rs;
Confin'd whole ages in a hemlock shade
There rather pine I, a neglected maid;
Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
Parch in the sun a thousand summer days,
Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'

She ended, and with lips of rosy hue
Dipp'd five times over in ambrosial dew,
Stifled his words, when from his covert rear'd
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd:

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A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing sight!)
The monarch issued, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
Nor spoke, but gave his bugle-horn a blast,
That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,
And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes
Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,
For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms with ancient birth combin'd,
A faultless beauty and a spotless mind,
To love and praise can generous souls incline,
That love, Azuriel! and that praise was thine.
Blood only less than royal fill'd thy veins;
Proud was thy roof and large thy fair domains.
Where now the skies high Holland-House invades,
And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
Thy dwelling stood, nor did in him afford
A nobler owner or a lovelier lord:
For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,
And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;
So lov'd thy name, that at their monarch's choice
All fairy shouted with a general voice!

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress,
That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range and populous his clan.
When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
Beside their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid,
The careful wife or the neat dairy-maid,

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Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of things had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.
Meanwhile driv'n back to earth, a lonely way
The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day;
A long, long journey! chok'd with brakes and thorns,
Ill measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length a spreading stream he spied
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide.
'Twas then a spreading stream, though now its fame
Obscur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
A leap for boys in these degenerate days.
On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addrest:
'If true, ye watry powers! my lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
Through all your grottos waft my plaintive sound,
And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,
To grace his offspring and assert my birth.'
He said; a gentle Naiad heard his pray'r,
And touch'd with pity for a lover's care
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in the' unfathom'd deep resides.
Rous'd at the news the sea's stern sultan swore
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore;
But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
And to her care the favourite boy commends.

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As through the Thames her backward course she guides,
Driven up his current by the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pigmy legions spread
She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head:
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his sires;
'The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown,
(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom
Lies Albion; him the Fates your leader doom.
Hear and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call:
By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.'
She said; they bow'd, and on their shields upbore
With shouts their new saluted emperor.
Ev'n Oriel smil'd, at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.
See now the mourner of the lonely shade,
By gods protected and by hosts obey'd;
A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,
In the short course of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast:
His thick embattled troops with secret pride
He views extended half an acre wide:
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.
O for thy Muse, great bard[1]! whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the Pigmies and the Cranes;
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion, in my verse should shine:
But simple I and innocent of art,
The tale that sooth'd my infant years impart,

[1] Mr. Addison.

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The tale I heard whole winter-eves untir'd,
And sing the battles that my nurse inspir'd.
Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms:
Thick rows of spears at once with sudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air:
Loose in the winds small ribbon streamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly bow,
And the gay host, that now its march pursues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.
On Buda's plains thus formidably bright
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful sight!
In various robes their silken troops were seen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green,
When blooming Brunswick near the Danube's flood
First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.
Unseen and silent march the slow brigades
Through pathless wilds and unfrequented shades.
In hope already vanquish'd by surprise
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes; and now in prospect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers appear;
For Oberon (or Druids falsely sing)
Wore his prime vizier in a magic ring,
A subtle sprite! that opening plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold:
Hence in a crescent form'd his legions bright
With beating bosoms waited for the fight:
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band!
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.
What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,
Let chiefs imagine and let lovers guess!

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Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant, and with haughty cries
To single fight the fairy Prince defies.
Forbear, rash youth! the' unequal war to try,
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie:
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandsire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move
By beauty dazzled and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger while he sees her eyes.
Now from each host the eager warriors start,
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting;
But tost in rage, it flew without a wound
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.
Not so Azuriel's; with unerring aim
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the sevenfold shield and silken vest,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.
Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his Fairy foe,
Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves,
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.
His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain
Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain;
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
As some frail cup of China's purest mould,
With azure varnish'd and bedropt with gold,

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Though broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands,
The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,
And holds secure the coffee's sable waves;
So did Azuriel's arm, if Fame say true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew,
And whilst, in wonder fix'd, poor Albion stood,
Plung'd the curst sabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery tender Milkah wove,
The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled, and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground:
The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes,
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies:
'O Kenna! Kenna!' thrice he tried to say;
'Kenna! farewell!' and sigh'd his soul away.
His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore
By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,
Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd
Through grots, and glooms, and many a coral shade.
The sea's great sire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident shakes and mounts the pearly car,
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into storms:
O'er foaming mountains and through bursting tides
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides;
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.
Now fix'd on earth his towering stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains and o'erlook'd the wood:
To Brompton's grove one ample stride he took,
(The vallies trembled and the forests shook)
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade
Where, chok'd in blood, was wretched Albion laid,

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Where now the vanquish'd with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.
The' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,
And on their town his eye vindictive cast;
In deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,
And high in air the' uprooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
Aghast the legions in the' approaching shade
The' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
That downward tumbling on the host below
Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow:
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
And a whole empire falls to soothe sad Albion's ghost!
Such was the period long restrain'd by Fate,
And such the downfal of the fairy state.
This Dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,
This Dale possest they, and had still possest,
Had not their monarch with a father's pride
Rent from her lord the' inviolable bride;
Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
The solemn vows and sacred bonds of Love.
Now where his elves so sprightly danc'd the round,
No violet breathes nor daisy paints the ground;
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A shapeless ruin and a barren cave.
Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay
Stunn'd and confounded, a whole summer's day;
At length awak'd, (for what can long restrain
Unbodied spirits?) but awak'd in pain;
And as he saw the desolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire stood,

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Grief chill'd his heart; to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:
He fled, and left with all his trembling peers
The long possession of a thousand years.
Through bush, through brake, through groves and gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled, but often look'd behind,
And stopt and started at each rustling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Disperse and wander into different lands;
Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie
In silent glooms, impervious to the sky;
Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And seas and oceans are but known by fame;
Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
And some on mountains choose their airy seat;
There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
Or shepherd boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
Meanwhile sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
Tried every art (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
What could she do? the Fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows, (the same old Homer[2] tells
Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)

[2] Odyss. Lib. x.

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Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light
A stem that bends with flowerets milky white;
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But secret kept from mortal men below;
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead;
When lo! the little shape by magic pow'r
Grew less and less, contracted to a flow'r,
A flow'r that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
To virgins sacred, and the Snow-drop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the shade:
Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,
And glories in the vegetable snow,
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains
Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains;
First leader of the flowery race aspires,
And foremost catches the sun's genial fires;
Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the seasons and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd the guilty place:
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age
It lay accurst, the mark of Neptune's rage,
Till great Nassau recloth'd the desert shade,
Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
(Kenna! that gave the neighbouring town its name)
Proud when she saw the' ennobled Garden shine
With nymphs and heroes of her lovers line,
She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town:

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To far-fam'd Wise her flight unseen she sped,
And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
And plann'd that landscape in a morning dream.
With the sweet view the sire of Gardens fir'd
Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,
The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant square;
Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a sad pleasure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realm survey'd,
How chang'd, how fall'n, from its primeval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover died,
Each moon the solemn obsequies she pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in these shades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.

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OXFORD [1],

INSCRIBED TO LORD LONSDALE,

MDCCVII [2].

Unum opus est, intactæ Palladis urbem
Carmine perpetuo celebrare.
HOR. I. Ode vii.

WHILST you, my lord, adorn that stately seat
Where shining Beauty makes her soft retreat,
Enjoying all those graces, uncontrol'd,
Which noblest youths would die but to behold;
Whilst you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,
A structure worthy of the founder's toil,
Amaz'd we see the former Lonsdale [3] shine
In each descendant of his noble line;
But most transported and surpris'd we view
His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,
Where charms and virtues join their equal race,
Your father's godlike soul, your mother's lovely face.

[1] This poem is subjoined to Dr. Johnson's Life of Tickell.

[2] Richard, second Lord Viscount Lonsdale. He died of the small-pox 1st Dec. 1713.

[3] Sir John Lowther, one of the early promoters of the Revolution, was constituted Vice Chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary on their advancement to the throne, created Baron Lowther and Viscount Lonsdale in 1696, and appointed Lord Privy Seal in 1699. He died 10th July 1700.

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Me fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care
To famous Oxford and the Muses bear,
Where of all ranks the blooming youths combine
To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,
And snatch with smiling joy the laurel crown
Due to the learned honours of the gown:
Here I, the meanest of the tuneful throng,
Delude the time with an unhallow'd song.
Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
In no ungrateful though unartful lays.

Where shall I first the beauteous scene disclose,
And all the gay variety expose?
For wheresoe'er I turn my wondering eyes
Aspiring towers and verdant groves arise;
Immortal greens the smiling plains array,
And mazy rivers murmur all the way.

O! might your eyes behold each sparkling dome,
And freely o'er the beauteous prospect roam,
Less ravish'd your own Lowther you'd survey,
Though pomp and state the costly seat display;
Where Art so nicely has adorn'd the place,
That Nature's aid might seem an useless grace,
Yet Nature's smiles such various charms impart
That vain and needless are the strokes of Art.
In equal state our rising structures shine,
Fram'd by such rules and form'd by such design,
That here, at once surpris'd and pleas'd, we view
Old Athens lost and conquer'd in the new;
More sweet our shades, more fit our bright abodes
For warbling Muses and inspiring gods.

Great Vanburgh's [4] self might own each artful draught
Equal to models in his curious thought,

[4] Sir John Vanburgh.

Nor scorn a fabric by our plans to frame,
Or in immortal labours sing their fame:
Both ways he saves them from destroying Fate,
If he but praise them, or but imitate.
See where the sacred Sheldon's haughty dome [5]
Rivals the stately pomp of ancient Rome,
Whose form so great and noble seems design'd
To' express the grandeur of its founder's mind:
Here in one lofty building we behold
Whate'er the Latian pride could boast of old.
True, no dire combats feed the savage eye,
And strew the sand with sportive cruelty;
But more adorn'd with what the Muse inspires,
It far outshines their bloody theatres.
Delightful scene! when here in equal verse
The youthful bards their godlike queen rehearse,
To Churchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,
And sing the plains of Hochstet and Judoign.
Next let the Muse record our Bodley's seat [6],
Nor aim at numbers like the subject great.
All hail! thou fabric sacred to the Nine,
Thy fame immortal and thy form divine!
Who to thy praise attempts the dangerous flight
Should in thy various tongues be taught to write;
His verse, like thee, a lofty dress should wear,
And breathe the genius which inhabits there;
Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,
And pay that fame which first thyself did give:
So fountains which through secret channels flow,
And pour above, the floods they take below,
Back to their father Ocean urge their way,
And to the sea the streams it gave repay.

[5] The Theatre. [6] The Bodleian Library.

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No more we fear the military rage
Nurs'd up in some obscure barbarian age,
Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine
From thick-skull'd heroes of the gothic line,
Though pale the Romans saw those arms advance,
And wept their learning lost in ignorance.
Let brutal rage around its terrors spread,
The living murder, and consume the dead,
In impious fires let noblest writings burn,
And, with their authors, share a common urn,
Only, ye fates! our lov'd Bodleian spare,
Be It, and Learning's self shall be, your care;
Here every art and every grace shall join,
Collected Phœbus here alone shall shine,
Each other seat be dark, and this be all divine.
Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,
And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,
In vain they burn the work of hands divine,
And vow destruction to the Dardan line,
Whilst good Æneas flies the' unequal wars,
And with his guardian gods Iülus bears;
Old Troy for ever stands in him alone,
And all the Phrygian kings survive in one.
Here still presides each sage's reverend shade,
In soft repose and easy grandeur laid;
Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,
Nor Time itself their persons shall destroy,
Preserv'd within the living Gallery[7].
What greater gift could bounteous Heav'n bestow
Than to be seen above, and read below?
With deep respect I bend my duteous head
To see the faithful likeness of the dead;

[7] The Picture-Gallery.

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But O! what Muse can equal warmth impart?
The painter's skill transcends the poet's art.
When round the pictur'd founders I descry,
With goodness soft and great with majesty,
So much of life the artful colours give,
Scarce more within their colleges they live;
My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll,
And pleasing tumults combat in my soul,
An humble awe my downcast eyes betray,
And only less than adoration pay.
Such were the Roman fathers when, o'ercome,
They saw the Gauls insult o'er conquer'd Rome,
Each captive seem'd the haughty victor's lord,
And prostrate chiefs their awful slaves ador'd.
Such art as this adorns your Lowther's Hall,
Where feasting gods carouse upon the wall;
The nectar which creating paint supplies
Intoxicates each pleas'd spectator's eyes,
Who view amaz'd the figures, heavenly fair,
And think they breathe the true Elysian air:
With strokes so bold, great Verrio's hand has drawn
The gods in dwellings brighter than their own.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I behold
What lively features grac'd each bard of old;
Such lips I think did guide his charming tongue,
In such an air as this the poet sung;
Such eyes as these glow'd with the sacred fire,
And hands like these employ'd the vocal lyre.
Quite ravish'd I pursue each image o'er,
And scarce admire their deathless labours more
See, where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
Each shade is critic and each feature sneers!
The artful Ben so smartly strikes the eye,
I more than see a fancied comedy;

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The muddy Scotus crowns the motley show,
And metaphysics cloud his wrinkled brow;
But distant awe invades my beating breast
To see great Ormond in the paint exprest;
With fear I view the figure from afar
Which burns with noble ardour for the war;
But near approaches free my doubting mind,
To view such sweetness with such grandeur join'd.
Here studious heads the graver tablet shows,
And there with martial warmth the picture glows;
The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,
And painted virgins far outshine the true.
Hail, colours which with Nature bear a strife,
And only want a voice to perfect life!
The wondering stranger makes a sudden stand,
And pays low homage to the lovely band,
Within each frame a real fair believes,
And vainly thinks the mimic canvass lives,
Till undeceiv'd, he quits the' enchanting show,
Pleas'd with the art though he laments it too.
So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
And aim'd at pleasures worthy of a god,
A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove
Fit to invite though not indulge his love;
The mortal thought he saw his goddess shine,
And all the lying Graces look'd divine,
But when with heat he clasp'd her fancied charms,
The empty vapour balk'd his eager arms.
Loth to depart I leave the' inviting scene,
Yet scarce forbear to view it o'er again,
But still new objects give a new delight,
And various prospects bless the wandering sight.
Aloft in state the airy towers arise,
And with new lustre deck the wondering skies.

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Lo, to what height the schools ascending reach!
Built with that art which they alone can teach;
The lofty dome expands her spacious gate
Where all the decent Graces jointly wait;
In every shape the god of Art resorts,
And crowds of sages fill the' extended courts.
With wonders fraught the bright Museum see,
Itself the greatest curiosity,
Where Nature's choicest treasures all combin'd
Delight, at once, and quite confound the mind;
Ten thousand splendors strike the dazzled eye,
And form on earth another Galaxy.
Here colleges in sweet confusion rise,
There temples seem to reach their native skies;
Spires, towers, and groves compose the various shew,
And mingled prospects charm the doubting view.
Who can deny their characters divine,
Without resplendent, and inspir'd within?
But since above my weak and artless lays,
Let their own poets sing their equal praise.
One labour more my grateful verse renews,
And rears aloft the low-descending Muse!
The building [8] parent of my young essays
Asks, in return, a tributary praise:
Pillars sublime bear up the learned weight,
And antique sages tread the pompous height,
Whilst guardian Muses shade the happy piles,
And all around diffuse propitious smiles.
Here Lancaster, adorn'd with every grace,
Stands chief in merit as the chief in place:
To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,
The theme at once and patron of our song:

[8] Queen's College Library.

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Long may he o'er his much-lov'd Queen preside,
Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide;
Till after ages, fill'd with glad surprise,
Behold his image all majestic rise.
Where now in pomp a venerable band,
Princes, and queens, and holy fathers stand,
Good Egglesfield[9] claims homage from the eye,
And the hard stone seems soft with piety;
The mighty monarchs still the same appear,
And every marble frown provokes the war;
Whilst rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.
A sightless noble did the warriors yield
Transform'd to statues by the Gorgon shield;
Distorting fear the coward's form confest,
And fury seem'd to heave the hero's breast;
The lifeless rocks each various thought betray'd,
And all the soul was in the stone display'd.
Too high, my verse! has been thy daring flight;
Thy softer numbers now the groves invite,
Where silent shades provoke the speaking lyre,
And cheerful objects happy songs inspire,
At once bestow rewards and thoughts infuse,
Compose a garland, and supply a Muse.
Behold around, and see the living green
In native colours paints a blooming scene;
The' eternal buds no deadly winter fear,
But scorn the coldest season of the year;
Apollo, sure, will bless the happy place
Which his own Daphne condescends to grace;
For here the everlasting laurels grow
In every grotto, and on every brow.

[9] Robert Egglesfield, B. D. the founder, 1340.

Digitized by Google

Prospects so gay demand a Congreve's strains
To call the gods and nymphs upon the plains;
Pan yields his empire o'er the silvan throng,
Pleas'd to submit to his superior song;
Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down,
And Spenser's shade resigns the rural crown.

Fill'd with great thoughts a thousand sages rove
Through every field and solitary grove,
Whose souls, ascending an exalted height,
Out-soar the drooping Muse's vulgar flight,
That longs to see her darling votaries laid
Beneath the covert of some gentle shade,
Where purling streams and warbling birds conspire
To aid the' enchantments of the trembling lyre.

Bear me, some god, to Christ-church, royal seat!
And lay me softly in the green retreat
Where Aldrich holds o'er wit the sovereign pow'r,
And crowns the poets which he taught before.
To Aldrich, Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
The noblest trophy of the conquer'd isle,
Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,
And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.
Philips, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought;
Unfetter'd in great Milton's strain he writes,
Like Milton's angels, whilst his hero fights;
Pursues the bard whilst he with honour can,
Equals the poet and excels the man.

O'er all the plains, the streams, and woods around,
The pleasing lays of sweetest bards resound;
A faithful echo every note returns,
And listening river-gods neglect their urns.

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When Codrington[10] and Steele their verse unrein,
And form an easy unaffected strain,
A double wreath of laurel binds their brow,
As they are poets and are warriors too.
Trapp's lofty scenes in gentle numbers flow,
Like Dryden great, as soft as moving Rowe.
When youthful Harrison[11] with tuneful skill
Makes Woodstock Park scarce yield to Cooper's Hill,
Old Chaucer from the' Elysian Fields looks down,
And sees at length a genius like his own;
Charm'd with his lays which reach the shades below
Fair Rosamonda intermits her woe,
Forgets the anguish of an injur'd soul,
The fatal poniard and envenom'd bowl.
Apollo smiles on Magdalen's peaceful bow'rs,
Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flow'rs,
Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,
And every Muse was fond of Addison.
Applauded man! for weightier trusts design'd,
For once disdain not to unbend thy mind;
Thy mother Isis and her groves rehearse,
A subject not unworthy of thy verse;
So Latian fields will cease to boast thy praise,
And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays;
And when the age to come, from envy free,
What thou to Virgil giv'st shall give to thee,

[10] The great benefactor of All Souls' College.

[11] William Harrison, Esq. fellow of New College Oxford, tutor to one of the Duke of Queensbury's sons, and afterwards secretary in an embassy to Holland. He died Feb. 14, 1713; and was lamented by Swift and Young. His poem of Woodstock Park is printed in Dodsley's collection.

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Isis immortal by the poet's skill
'Shall in the smooth description murmur still [12],'
New beauties shall adorn the silvan scene,
And in thy numbers grow for ever green.
Danby's fam'd gift [13] such verse as thine requires,
Exalted raptures and celestial fires;
Apollo here shall plenteously impart
As well his singing as his curing art.
Nature herself the healing garden loves,
Which kindly her declining strength improves;
Baffles the strokes of unrelenting Death,
Can break his arrows and can blunt his teeth.
How sweet the landscape! where in living trees
Here frowns a vegetable Hercules;
There fam'd Achilles learns to live again,
And looks yet angry in the mimic scene;
Here artful birds, which blooming arbours show,
Seem to fly higher whilst they upward grow;
From the same leaves both arms and warriors rise,
And every bough a different charm supplies.
So when our world the great Creator made,
And unadorn'd the sluggish Chaos laid,
Horror and Beauty own'd their sire the same,
And Form itself from Parent-Matter came;
That lumpish mass alone was source of all,
And bards and themes had one original.
In vain the groves demand my longer stay,
The gentle Isis wafts the Muse away.
With ease the river guides her wandering stream,
And hastes to mingle with uxorious Thame;

[12] Letters from Italy by Mr. Addison.

[13] The Physic garden at Oxford. This hint was happily taken up in 1713 by Dr. Evans.

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Attempting poets on her banks lie down,
And quaff, inspir'd, the better Helicon;
Harmonious strains adorn their various themes,
Sweet as the banks and flowing as the streams.
Bless'd we whom bounteous Fortune here has thrown,
And made the various blessings all our own!
Nor crowns nor globes, the pageantry of state,
Upon our humble easy slumbers wait,
Nor aught that is Ambition's lofty theme
Disturbs our sleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.
Touch'd by no ills which vex the' unhappy great,
We only read the changes in the state;
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at distance hear,
And learn from Fame the rough events of war,
With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
And make the cannon thunder in our verse.
See how the matchless youth their hours improve,
And in the glorious way to knowledge move!
Eager for fame, prevent the rising sun,
And watch the midnight labours of the moon.
Not tender years their bold attempts restrain
Who leave dull Time, and hasten into men;
Pure to the soul and pleasing to the eyes,
Like angels youthful, and like angels wise.
Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,
And by the lives of heroes form their own;
Now view the Granic chok'd with heaps of slain,
And warring worlds on the Pharsalian plain;
Now hear the trumpet's clangor from afar,
And all the dreadful harmony of war;
Now trace those secret tricks that lost a state,
And search the fine-spun arts that made it great;

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Correct those errors that its ruin bred,
And bid some long-lost empire rear its ancient head.
Others, to whom persuasive arts belong,
(Words in their looks and music on their tongue)
Instructed by the wit of Greece and Rome,
Learn richly to adorn their native home;
Whilst listening crowds confess the sweet surprise,
With pleasure in their breasts and wonder in their eyes.
Here curious minds the latent seed disclose,
And Nature's darkest labyrinths expose;
Whilst greater souls the distant worlds descry,
Pierce to the' outstretch'd borders of the sky,
Enlarge the searching mind, and broad expand the eye.
O you, whose rising years so great began,
In whose bright youth I read the shining man,
O Lonsdale! know what noblest minds approve,
The thoughts they cherish and the arts they love;
Let these examples your young bosom fire,
And bid your soul to boundless height aspire.
Methinks I see you in our shades retir'd,
Alike admiring and by all admir'd:
Your eloquence now charms my ravish'd ear,
Which future senates shall transported hear;
Now mournful verse inspires a pleasing woe,
And now your cheeks with warlike fury glow;
Whilst on the paper fancied fields appear,
And prospects of imaginary war,
Your martial soul sees Hochstet's fatal plain,
Or fights the fam'd Ramillia o'er again.
But I in vain these lofty names rehearse,
Above the faint attempts of humble verse,

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Which Garth should in immortal strains design,
Or Addison exalt with warmth divine:
A meaner song my tender voice requires,
And fainter lays confess the fainter fires;
By Nature fitted for an humble theme,
A painted prospect, or a murmuring stream;
To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praise,
Whilst Echo's self resounds the flattering lays;
Or, whilst I tell how Myra's charms surprise,
Paint roses on her cheeks and suns within her eyes.
O! did proportion'd height to me belong,
Great Anna's name should grace the' ambitious song;
Illustrious dames should round their queen resort,
And Lonsdale's mother crown the splendid court;
Her noble son should boast no vulgar place,
But share the ancient honours of his race,
Whilst each fair daughter's face and conquering eyes
To Venus only should submit the prize.
O matchless beauties, more than heavenly fair,
Your looks resistless and divine your air!
Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuse,
And no fond bard shall ask an useless Muse;
Their kindling rays excite a noble fire,
Give beauty to the song, and music to the lyre.
This charming theme I ever could pursue,
And think the inspiration ever new,
Did not the god my wandering pen restrain,
And bring me to his Oxford back again.
Oxford! the goddess Muse's native home,
Inspir'd like Athens and adorn'd like Rome,
Had'st thou of old been learning's fam'd retreat,
And pagan Muses chose thy lovely seat,

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O how unbounded had the fiction been!
What fancied visions had adorn'd the scene!
Upon each hill a silvan Pan had stood,
And every thicket boasted of a god;
Satyrs had frisk'd in each poetic grove,
And not a stream without its Nymphs could move;
Each summit had the train of Muses show'd,
And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd:
The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,
Had look'd almost as charming as the place.
Ev'n now we hear the world with transports own
Those fictions by more wondrous truths outdone.
Here pure Eusebia keeps her holy seat,
And Themis smiles from heaven on this retreat;
Our chaster Graces own refin'd desires,
And all our Muses burn with vestal fires;
Whilst guardian angels our Apollos stand,
Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand,
To bless the happy air and sanctify the land.
O pleasing shades! O ever green retreats!
Ye learned grottos and ye sacred seats!
Never may you politer arts refuse,
But entertain in peace the bashful Muse!
So may you be kind Heaven's distinguish'd care,
And may your fame be lasting as 'tis fair!
Let greater bards on fam'd Parnassus dream,
Or taste the' inspiring Heliconian stream,
Yet whilst our Oxford is the bless'd abode
Of every Muse and every tuneful god,
Parnassus owns its honours far outdone,
And Isis boasts more bards than Helicon.
A thousand blessings I to Oxford owe,
But you, my lord, the' inspiring Muse bestow:

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Grac'd with your name the' unpolish'd poem shines;
You guard its faults, and consecrate the lines:
O! might you here meet my desiring eyes,
My drooping song to nobler heights would rise;
Or might I come to breathe your northern air,
Yet should I find an equal pleasure there;
Your presence would the harsher climate sooth,
Hush every wind and every mountain smooth;
Would bid the groves in springing pomp arise,
And open charming vistas to the eyes;
Would make my trifling verse be heard around,
And sportive Echo play the empty sound:
With you I should a better Phœbus find,
And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd.

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MISCELLANIES.

THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I.

TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

—— Animum pictura pascit inani
Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum. VIRG.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be sunk by Heaven to such a dismal state!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What steady sadness and august despair!
In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart disdain'd, from me o'er-flow,
Thus to survey God's substitute below,
In solemn anguish and majestic woe!
When spoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,
Sold by his slaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from what oft had sweeten'd anxious life,
His helpless children and his bosom wife;

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Doom'd, for the faith, plebeian rage to stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;
When thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The King, the Father, and the Saint to mourn!—
How couldst thou, artist! then thy skill display?
Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray;
Near thy bold work the stunn'd spectators faint,
Nor see unmov'd what thou unmov'd couldst paint;
What brings to mind each various scene of woe,
The' insulting judge, the solemn mocking show,
The horrid sentence, and accursed blow!
Where then, just Heav'n! was thy unactive hand,
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamantine shield, thy angel wings,
And the great genii of anointed kings!
Treason and Fraud shall thus the stars regard,
And injur'd Virtue meet this sad reward?
So sad none like can Time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled and poor Darius fell.
All names but one too low—that one too high:
All parallels are wrongs or blasphemy.
O Power supreme! how secret are thy ways!
Yet man, vain man! would trace the mystic maze;
With foolish wisdom arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod,
New mould the spheres, and mend the sky's design,
And sound the' immense with his short scanty line.
Do thou, my soul! the destin'd period wait
When God shall solve the dark decrees of Fate,
His now unequal dispensations clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear,
When suffering saints aloft in beams shall glow,
And prosperous traitors gnash their teeth below.

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Such boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,
A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:
Then this pale Image seem'd to' invade his room,
Gaz'd him to stone, and warn'd him to the tomb;
While thunders roll and nimble lightnings play,
And the storm wings his spotted soul away.
A blast more bounteous ne'er did Heav'n command
To scatter blessings o'er the British land:
Not that more kind which dash'd the pride of Spain,
And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main;
Not those more kind which guide our floating tow'rs,
Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours;
That only kinder which to Britain's shore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore,
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.
O Clarke! to whom a Stuart trusts her reign
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main,
Dear as the faith thy loyal heart hath sworn
Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn:
This sight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,
The poison spill, and half-drawn sword arrest;
To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
And one destroy'd, a thousand kings defend.

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FRAGMENT

ON HUNTING.

Dona cano divum, lætas venantibus artes,
Auspicio, Diana, tuo. GRATIUS.

Horses and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beasts that range the rural chase,
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
The laws and glory of the silvan wars,
I first in British verse presume to raise,
A venturous rival of the Roman praise.
Let me, chaste queen of Woods! thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs and sprightly train.
If oft o'er lawns thy care prevents the day,
To rouse the foe and press the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the task to join,
And grant me genius for the bold design.
In this soft shade O sooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-string to the trembling lyre,
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we sing,
The groves to echo and the vales to ring!

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Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant race.
In powers distinct the different clans excel,
In sight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell.

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By wiles ungenerous some surprise the prey,
And some by courage win the doubtful day.
Seest thou the gazehound, how with glance severe
From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer;
How every nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze;
The luckless prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane:
O'er all the blood-hound boasts superior skill
To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill,
His fellows' vain alarms rejects with scorn,
True to the master's voice and learned horn:
His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew;
Once snuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the chosen game;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.
Some hounds of manners vile, (nor less we find
Of fops in hounds than in the reasoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit, run gadding o'er the plain,
And from the scent divert the wiser train;
For the foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,
And mar the music with their senseless tone;
Start at the starting prey or rustling wind,
And hot at first, inglorious lag behind;
A sauntering tribe! may such my foes disgrace!
Give me, ye gods! to breed the nobler race;
Nor grieve thou to attend while truths unknown
I sing, and make Athenian arts our own.
Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient stem:
Each tribe with joy old rustic heralds trace,
And sing the chosen worthies of their race!

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How his sire's features in the son were spied
When Di was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride:
Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,
Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.
Good shape to various kinds old bards confine;
Some praise the Greek and some the Roman line:
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims
As Albion's nymphs and India's jetty dames.
Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thousand families of hounds!
First count the sands, the drops where oceans flow,
Or Gauls by Marlborough sent to shades below.
The task be mine to teach Britannia's swains,
My much-lov'd country and my native plains.
Such be the dog I charge thou mean'st to train;
His back is crooked and his belly plain,
Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail that nimbly cuts the wind,
Truss'd thigh, straight ham'd, and fox-like form'd his paw,
Large leg'd, dry sol'd, and of protended claw;
His flat wide nostrils snuff the savoury steam,
And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and chest that dash the morning dew:
He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the dryads with his voice profound;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the silvan hero's plenteous board.
The matron bitch whose womb shall best produce
The hopes and fortune of the' illustrious house,
Deriv'd from noble but from foreign seed,
For various nature loaths incestuous breed,
Is like the sire throughout: nor yet displease
Large flanks and ribs, to give the teemer ease.

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In spring let loose thy pairs; then all things prove
The stings of pleasure and the pangs of love;
Ethereal Jove then glads with genial show'rs
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flow'rs;
Hence juices mount, and buds embolden'd try
More kindly breezes and a softer sky.
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo;
Fell tigers soften in the' infectious flames,
And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames.
Great love pervades the deep: to please his mate
The whale in gambols moves his monstrous weight;
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.
All Nature smiles. Come now, nor fear, my love!
To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
And, sweetly-swearing, languish life away.
An altar bound with recent flowers I rear
To thee, best season of the various year!
All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,
So swift, so sweet, when first the world began;
In Eden's bowers when man's great sire assign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind;
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
Wondrous to tell! but when with luckless hand
Our daring mother broke the sole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and Death had leave to reign;
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey;

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Rude arts at first, but witty want refin'd
The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.
Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar:
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid career.
Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye Powers! an humbler wreath demand:
No pomp I ask which crowns and sceptres yield,
Nor dangerous laurels in the dusty field;
Fast by the forest and the limpid spring
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
To breed my whelps and healthful press the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.
And now thy female bears in ample womb
The bane of hares and triumphs yet to come.
No sport I ween, nor blast of sprightly horn,
Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
Unlock'd in covers let her freely run
To range thy courts, and bask before the sun.
Near thy full table let the favourite stand,
Strok'd by thy son's or blooming daughter's hand.
Caress, indulge, by arts the matron bribe,
To' improve her breed and teem a vigorous tribe.
So, if small things may be compar'd with great,
And Nature's works the Muse's imitate,
So stretch'd in shades and lull'd by murmuring streams
Great Maro's breast receiv'd the heavenly dreams;
Recluse, serene, the musing prophet lay
Till thoughts in embryo ripening burst their way.
Hence bees in state and foaming coursers come,
Heroes and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.
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THE

FATAL CURIOSITY.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
The lavish praises of the babbler Fame;
I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry
And trace the charmer with a critic's eye,
Resolv'd to find some fault before unspied,
And disappointed if but satisfied.
Love pierc'd the vassal heart that durst rebel,
And where a judge was meant, a victim fell.
On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
I gaz'd at once my pride and soul away;
All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,
And in a look the hasty conquest won.
Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And sports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
Ravish'd with joy he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;
He tempts his fate and courts a glorious doom,
A bright destruction and a shining tomb.

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THERSITES, OR THE LORDLING,

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT-GRANDSON OF A BUTCHER.

THERSITES, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed,
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both;
Look on him, and see the growth.
  View him on the mother's side
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride,
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering,
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward:
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.
  Let me now the vices trace
From his father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?

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Herald lend the Muse an answer,
From his atavus and grandsire;
This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence that mean and sordid soul,
Like his body rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and smile;
Like a butcher doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrow'd from the mason side.
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel,
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation;
True indeed I should be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a ladder:
May he, at his latter end,
Mount alive and dead descend.
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most or male?
What produc'd them can you tell,
Human race or imp of hell?—

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IN PRAISE OF

THE HORN BOOK.

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

'Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi Indicra—
——————— Podagra hæc otia fecit.'

Hail, ancient Book! most venerable code!
Learning's first cradle and its last abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,
By lazy plagiaries are stolen from thee;
Yet future times to thy sufficient store
Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.
Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound,
And golden verge enclosing thee around,
The faithful Horn before, from age to age
Preserving thy invaluable page;
Behind thy patron saint in armour shines,
With sword and lance to guard thy sacred lines;
Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd; his blood thy scarlet cover dies;
The' instructive handle's at the bottom fixt,
Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.
Or if to gingerbread thou shalt descend,
And liquorish learning to thy babes extend;
Or sugar'd plane, o'erspread with beaten gold,
Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold,

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Thou still shalt be my song.—Apollo's choir
I scorn to' invoke; Cadmus! my verse inspire:
'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
Of all the learning which has since been taught,
Soon made complete! for mortals ne'er shall know
More than contain'd of old the Christ-cross row;
What masters dictate or what doctors preach,
Wise matrons hence e'en to our children teach.
But as the name of every plant and flow'r
(So common that each peasant knows its pow'r)
Physicians in mysterious cant express
To' amuse the patient, and enhance their fees,
So, from the letters of our native tongue
Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung;
Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men strike out a gainful trade;
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And heedless youth catch at the shining bait;
The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
And Taus and Deltas [1] make their mothers stare;
The' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
And what's uncommon never costs too dear;
Yet in all tongues the Hornbook is the same,
Taught by the Grecian master or the English dame.
But how shall I thy endless virtues tell
In which thou dost all other books excel?
No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
Nor crooked dogs-ears thy smooth corners spoil;
In idle pages no errata stand
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand;
No fulsome dedication here is writ,
Nor flattering verse, to praise the author's wit;

[1] The Greek letters T, Δ.

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The margin with no tedious notes is vext,
Nor various readings, to confound the text;
All parties in thy literal sense agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
Search we the records of an ancient date,
Or read what modern histories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run:
'[2] Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;
His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued;
In vain were all the weaker methods tried,
None could suffice to stem the furious tide;
Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,
And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat.'
Thy heavenly notes like angels' music cheer
Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.
An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read;
The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this savoury lecture makes.
Great A he gravely read; the' important sound
The empty walls and hollow roof rebound:
The' expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head,
And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
Great B, the younker bawls; 'O heavenly breath!
What ghostly comforts in the hour of death!
What hopes I feel!' Great C, pronounc'd the boy!
The grandsire dies with ecstasy of joy.

[2] The advice given to Augustus by the Stoic philosopher Athenodorus, who desired the emperor neither to say nor to do any thing till he had first said over the alphabet, as the observance of this rule would moderate his passion, and prevent rash words and actions.

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Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds:
Of Essex-Hundreds Fame gives this report,
But Fame, I ween, says many things in sport:
Scarce lives the man towhom thou'rt quite unknown,
Though few the' extent of thy vast empire own.
Whatever wonders magic spells can do
On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below;
What words, profound and dark, wise Mah'met spoke
When his old cow an angel's figure took;
What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
Or Horace sung fierce monsters to subdue,
O mighty Book! are all contain'd in you:
All human arts and every science meet
Within the limits of thy single sheet:
From thy vast roof all Learning's branches grow,
And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
And lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
Inspir'd I feel the power of which I write;
The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
Less frequent now and less severe the fits;
Loose grow the chains which bound my useless feet,
Stiffness and pain from every joint retreat,
Surprising strength comes every moment on;
I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
And at thy handle [3] hang my crutches up.

[3] Votiva Tabula. HOR.

ON

QUEEN CAROLINE'S

REBUILDING THE LODGINGS OF THE BLACK PRINCE AND HENRY V. AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WHERE bold and graceful soars, secure of fame,
The pile now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, gothic and uncouth,
Where the Black Edward pass'd his beardless youth,
And the fifth Henry, for his first renown,
Outstripp'd each rival in a student's gown.
In that coarse age were princes fond to dwell
With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell.
Sent from the Monarch's to the Muses' court,
Their meals were frugal and their sleeps were short;
To couch at curfew time they thought no scorn,
And froze at matins every winter morn;
They read on early book the starry frame,
And lisp'd each constellation by its name,
Art after art still dawning to their view,
And their mind opening as their stature grew.
Yet whose ripe manhood spread our fame so far,
Sages in peace and demigods in war?
Who stern in fight made echoing Cressy ring,
And, mild in conquest, serv'd his captive king;
Who gain'd at Agincourt the victor's bays,
Nor took himself, but gave good Heaven the praise?
Thy nurslings, ancient dome! to virtue form'd,
To mercy listening whilst in fields they storm'd;
Fierce to the fierce, and warm the oppress to save,
Through life rever'd, and worship'd in the grave.

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In tenfold pride their mouldering roofs shall shine,
The stately work of bounteous Caroline;
And blest Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
From Heaven behold her rival's fabric rise.
If still, bright saint! this spot deserves thy care,
Incline thee to the' ambitious Muse's pray'r;
O couldst thou win young William's bloom to grace
His mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
How would that genius, whose propitious wings
Have here twice hover'd o'er the sons of kings,
Descend triumphant to his ancient seat,
And take in charge a third Plantagenet!

ON THE DEATH OF

THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

Of Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends
The last, Cadogan, to the grave descends.
Low lies each hand whence Blenheim's glory sprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd and the bards who sung.
From his cold corse though every friend be fled,
Lo! Envy waits, that lover of the dead.
Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's hearse to mourn,
Thus wept insidious, Churchill! o'er thy urn,
To blast the living gave the dead their due,
And wreaths herself had tainted, trim'd anew.
Thou yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race,
Take every wish a British heart can frame,
Add palm to palm and rise from fame to fame!
An hour must come when thou shalt hear with rage
Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless age:

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Nor yet for this decline the generous strife;
These ills, brave man! shall quit thee with thy life:
Alive though stain'd by every abject slave,
Secure of fame and justice in the grave.
Ah! no—when once the mortal yields to Fate
The blast of Fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,
Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,
Or sooth the new inhabitant of light,
Who hears regardless, while fond man, distrest,
Hangs on the absent and laments the blest.
Farewell then Fame! ill sought through fields of blood,
Farewell, unfaithful promiser of good!
Thou music warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incense wasted on the funeral bier!
Through life pursued in vain, by death obtain'd;
When ask'd, denied us; and when given, disdain'd.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1713.

What kings henceforth shall reign, what states be free,
Is fix'd at length by Anna's just decree;
Whose brows the Muse's sacred wreath shall fit
Is left to you, the arbiters of wit.
With beating hearts the rival poets wait
Till you, Athenians, shall decide their fate;
Secure, when to these learned seats they come,
Of equal judgment and impartial doom.
Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown
Is but the praise of a capricious town,

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While with mock majesty and fancied pow'r
He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour!
Oft wide of nature must he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart;
In turn and simile resign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.
We blush when plays like these receive applause,
And laugh in secret at the tears we cause,
With honest scorn our own success disdain,
A worthless honour and inglorious gain.
No trifling scenes at Oxford shall appear;
Well what we blush to act, may you to hear.
To you our fam'd, our standard plays we bring,
The work of poets whom you taught to sing:
Though crown'd with fame they dare not think it due,
Nor take the laurel till bestow'd by you.
Great Cato's self, the glory of the stage!
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
Begs here he may be tried by Roman laws;
To you, O fathers! he submits his cause:
He rests not in the people's general voice
Till you, the senate, have confirm'd his choice.
Fine is the secret, delicate the art,
To wind the passions and command the heart!
For fancied ills to force our tears to flow,
And make the generous soul in love with woe;
To raise the shades of heroes to our view,
Rebuild fall'n empires, and old time renew,
How hard the task! how rare the godlike rage!
None should presume to dictate for the stage,
But such as boast a great extensive mind,
Enrich'd by Nature and by Art refin'd;
Who from the ancient stores their knowledge bring,
And tasted early of the Muses' spring.

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May none pretend upon her throne to sit
But such as sprung from you, are born to wit:
Chosen by the mob their lawless claim we slight;
Your's is the old hereditary right.

COLIN AND LUCY,

A BALLAD.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face;

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains! beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

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Too well the lovelorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

'By a false heart and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

'Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid! receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

'To-morrow in the church to wed
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid! and know, false man!
That Lucy will be there.

'Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke; she died. Her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

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Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rivals corse
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands grey and truelove-knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forlorn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

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IMITATION

OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS,

FROM HOR. BOOK III. ODE XXV.

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio: non secus in jugis
Ex somnis stupet Evias,
Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Lustratam Rhodopen. HOR.

As Marr his round one morning took,
(Whom some call Earl and some call Duke)
And his new brethren of the blade
Shivering with fear and frost survey'd,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy
An aged wizard six feet high,
With bristled hair and visage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.
The grisly sage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back so round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of snow,
And into these tremendous speeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches:
'Into what ills betray'd by thee
This ancient kingdom do I see!
Her realms unpeopled and forlorn;
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!

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Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottish pads shall amble home;
I see them drest in bonnets blue,
(The spoils of thy rebellious crew)
I see the target cast away,
And checker'd plaid become their prey;
The checker'd plaid, to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.

'In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike geers,
The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger,
And oft have sallied out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,
Or while their neighbours were asleep
Have carried off a lowland sheep.

'What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors,
With popish cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
And Forster's troop of raganuffins?

'In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bagpipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true and voice so rusty,
(A loyal soul!) thy troops affright,
While hoarsely he demands the fight?
Dost thou not generous Ilay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head?
Undaunted dost thou hear the' alarms
Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms?

'Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery and young, and uncontroll'd,
With knights and 'squires, and barons bold,

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(His noble household band) advances,
And on the milk-white courser prances.
Thee, Forfar, to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars;
And Monro kindled into rage
Stoutly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any.

'But see Argyle with watchful eyes
Lodg'd in his deep intrenchments lies;
Couch'd like a lion in thy way
He waits to spring upon his prey,
While like a herd of timorous deer
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's skill
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

'Is thus thy haughty promise paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didst oaths and duty barter
For dukedom, generalship, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy shall command
With Highland sceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth,—
Then down shall fall the King of Perth.

'Tis so decreed; for George shall reign,
And traitors be forsworn in vain;
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an Argyle;
While thou pursued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,
And hinder'd passing Inverlochy,
Shall burn thy clan and curse poor Jocky.

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TO

APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONS. FONTENELLE.

'I AM,' cried Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath the coy virgin pursued,
When his wisdom, in manner most ample, exprest
The long list of the graces his godship possest:

'I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;'—
Nor for lays nor sweet song the fair fugitive stays:
'I'm the god of the harp—stop, my fairest!'—in vain;
Nor the harp nor the harper could fetch her again.

'Every plant, every flower, and their virtues, I know;
God of Light I'm above, and of Physic below:'—
At the dreadful word Physic the nymph fled more fast;
At the fatal word Physic she doubled her haste.

Thou fond god of Wisdom! then alter thy phrase,
Bid her view thy young bloom and thy ravishing rays;
Tell her less of thy knowledge and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damsel will fly to thy arms.

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EPISTLES.

TO THE SUPPOSED

AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

In courts licentious and a shameless stage
How long the war shall Wit with Virtue wage?
Enchanted by this prostituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare;
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,
And suck pollution through their tingling veins.
Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may hear,
And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.
To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride
Thy glass betrays what treacherous love would hide;
Nor harsh thy precepts, but infus'd by stealth,
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And, with his tailor, share the fopling's heart,
Lash'd in thy satire the penurious cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit.
From felon gamesters the raw 'squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee.
His Miss the frolic Viscount dreads to toast,
Or his third cure the shallow Templar boast;
And the rash fool who scorn'd the beaten road
Dares quake at thunder, and confess his God.

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The brainless stripling who, expell'd the Town,
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
Awed by thy name is dumb, and thrice a-week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
A sauntering tribe! such born to wide estates
With Yea and No in senates hold debates;
At length, despis'd, each to his fields retires,
First with the dogs, and king amidst the 'squires;
From pert to stupid sinks supinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.
Such readers scorn'd, thou wingst thy daring flight
Above the stars, and treadst the fields of light:
Fame, Heav'n, and hell, are thy exalted theme,
And visions such as Jove himself might dream;
Man sunk to slavery, though to glory born,
Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scorn.
Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,
And thou alone deserve from such a friend:
A debt so borrow'd is illustrious shame,
And fame, when shar'd with him, is double fame.
So flush'd with sweets by Beauty's queen bestow'd,
With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd;
Such generous strifes Eugene and Marlborough try,
And as in glory, so in friendship vie.
Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame
A Muse that pants and languishes for fame,
That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,
Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy my rhymes—
The praise of virgins in succeeding times:
Mix'd with thy works their life no bounds shall see,
But stand protected, as inspir'd, by thee.
So some weak shoot, which else would poorly rise,
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies;

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Through the new pupil fostering juices flow,
Thrust forth the gems and give the flowers to blow
Aloft, immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life and vigour not his own.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

——— Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo. HOR.

THE Opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought:
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles and enervate strains,
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli and as Virgil strong:
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And Music borrows helps she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new,
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
The height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
Landscapes how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which Thought creates and lavish Fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flowery groves and everlasting greens,

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The babbling sounds that mimic Echo plays,
The fairy shade and its eternal maze?
Nature and Art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No further could imagination roam,
Till Vanburgh fram'd and Marlborough rais'd the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see the' imploring fair;
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die:
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus, expiring swains complain;)
Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid,
While now, perhaps, with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves.
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love which made them wretched, makes them great;
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.

Accept, great Monarch of the British lays!
The tribute song an humble subject pays;
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars to hail the god of verse and light.
Unrivall'd as unmatch'd be still thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envied name!
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre;

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While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:
The sweet infection, mix'd with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it soothed the heart:
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with generous pleasure glow,
Our hearts exulting while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great,
Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
With conscious virtue and becoming pride!
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted and his branches bare;
Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth and fasten'd by his weight;
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes;

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Awhile they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd and catch the Roman flame,
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.
France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms and British wit:
No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,—
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find each deed, each word exprest,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast;
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment and with Lucan's fire:
We know thy worth, and give us leave to boast—
We most admire, because we know thee most.

TO THE

EARL OF WARWICK,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge my bosom, by your own!

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What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart!
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue;
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee!
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:

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Proud names! who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n,
And saints, who taught and led the way to Heav'n!
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
In what new region to the just assign'd,
What new employments please the' unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue through the' ethereal sky
From world to world unwearied does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join nor death can part us more.
That awful form which, so the Heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplored by me,

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In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
The' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato, there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor and a friend sincere;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou Hill! whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer, in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes and thy noonday shade.
From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.

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O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs, in death, to Addison succeeds)
The verse begun to one lost friend prolong,
And weep a second in the' unfinish'd song!
These works divine which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs! the' expiring Sage convey'd,
Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim;
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast, farewell!
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

AN EPISTLE

FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON.

To thee, dear rover! and thy vanquish'd friends,
The health she wants thy gentle Chloe sends:
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
Worse than an exile on my native shore.
Companions in your master's flight you roam,
Unenvied by your haughty foes at home;
For ever near the Royal Outlaw's side
You share his fortunes and his hopes divide,
On glorious schemes and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles swell.
Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
The passive doctrine and the right divine,

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Say, what new succours does the Chief prepare?
The strength of armies, or the force of pray'r?
Does he from Heaven or earth his hopes derive?
From saints departed, or from priests alive?
Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops withstand,
And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand.
Heav'n to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But skill and courage win the crowns below.
Ere to thy cause and thee my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn and punted half the night;
But now, with fears and public cares possest,
The Church! the Church! for ever breaks my rest.
The Post-boy on my pillow I explore,
And sift the news of every foreign shore,
Studious to find new friends and new allies,
What armies march from Sweden in disguise;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her blessings and her gold;
Then o'er the map my finger taught to stray,
Cross many a region marks the winding way;
From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a mere geographer by love;
But still Avignon and the pleasing coast
That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most:
Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
And span the distance that between us lies.
Let not our James though foil'd in arms despair,
Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair.
In Britain's lovely isle, a shining throng
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.

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The' unthinking victors vainly boast their pow'rs;
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.
We reason with such fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire;
Against the prelates plead the church's cause,
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapless Prince! thy kingdoms lost,
A crown, though late, thy sacred brows may boast;
Heav'n seems through us thy empire to decree;
Those who win hearts have giv'n their hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard that when profusely gay
Our well-drest rivals grac'd their sovereign's day,
We stubborn damsels met the public view
In loathsome wormwood and repenting rue?
What Whig but trembled when our spotless band
In virgin roses whiten'd half the land;
Who can forget what fears the foe possest
When oaken boughs mark'd every loyal breast!
Less scar'd near Medway's stream the Norman stood
When cross the plain he spied a marching wood,
Till near at hand a gleam of swords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering shade.

Those who the succours of the fair despise,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
Thy female bands, O Prince, by fortune crost!
At least more courage than thy men may boast.
Our sex has dar'd the mughouse chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street:
From Drury Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the Town;
Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight,
With all their poles, the guardians of the night;

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And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side
The leader's staff in all its painted pride.
Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the discontented statesman's thought,
Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore smitten for the love of sacred song;
The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade
Like Philomela, darkling in the shade.
Poor Trot attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his empty chair.
  Meanwhile, regardless of the royal cause,
His sword for James no brother sovereign draws;
The Pope himself, surrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms;
And though he hears his darling son's complaint,
Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,
But lists them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntless Swede, pursued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows;
Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feast regale our garter'd youth again.
Safe, Bar-le-Duc! within thy silent grove
The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove;
The knight who aims unerring from afar,
The' adventrous knight, now quits the silvan war;
Thy brinded boars may slumber undismay'd,
Or grunt secure beneath the chesnut shade.
Inconstant Orleans! (still we mourn the day
That trusted Orleans with imperial sway)
Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,
Far from the call of his desponding friends;
Such are the terms to gain Britannia's grace;
And such the terrors of the Brunswick race!

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Was it for this the sun's whole lustre fail'd,
And sudden midnight o'er the moon prevail'd?
For this did Heav'n display to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the skies?
Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red,
And Thames, driv'n backward, show'd his secret bed?
False auguries! the' insulting victors scorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn;
O portents! construed on our side in vain,
Let never Tory trust eclipse again.
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye skies!
And Thames! henceforth to thy green borders rise.

To Rome then must the Royal Wanderer go,
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe?
His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,
One half in luxury and one in pray'r?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.
Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,
And poll for points of faith his trusty vote?
Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,
And with his casting suffrage fix a creed?
Shall he in robes on stated days appear,
And English heretics curse once a-year?
Garnet and Faux shall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smoke?
Forbid it, Heav'n! my soul to fury wrought
Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunswick! 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet still his share thy rival will contest,
And still the double claim divides my breast.

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The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due:
To James my passion and my weakness guide,
But reason sways me to the victor's side.
Though griev'd I speak it; let the truth appear;
You know my language and my heart sincere.
In vain did falsehood his fair fame disgrace;
What force had falsehood when he show'd his face?
In vain to war our boastful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps in the dire shock they fled.
France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame
A second Dunkirk in another name.
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows.
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious Town sees fifty churches rise.
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.
  To my sad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long prospect of succeeding years.
The son, aspiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his sire, another and the same:
He blest in lovely Carolina's arms
To future ages propagates her charms.
With pain and joy at strife I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face;
Half sickening at the sight, too well I spy
The father's spirit through the mother's eye:
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And strive to hate their innocence in vain.
  O Princess! happy by thy foes confest,
Blest in thy husband, in thy children blest,
As they from thee, from them new beauties born
While Europe lasts shall Europe's thrones adorn;

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Transplanted to each court, in times to come
Thy smile celestial and unfading bloom
Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,
And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race;
The fair descendants of thy sacred bed
Wide branching o'er the western world shall spread,
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot
To earthward bending, of itself takes root;
Till, like their mother plant, ten thousand stand
In verdant arches on the fertile land;
Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt at large through the wide echoing grove.
O thou! to whom these mournful lines I send,
My promis'd husband and my dearest friend,
Since Heav'n appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain,
Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
Or wilt not thou for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,
Tir'd out at length, submit to fate's decree?
If not to Brunswick, O return to me!
Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend;
What spares whole thousands may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunswick's virtues will secure thy fame:
Say these invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch Heaven vouchsafes to own:
The world convinc'd, thy reasons will approve;
Say this to them, but swear to me 'twas love.

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VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER

ON HER MARRIAGE.

FROM MENAGE.

THE greatest swain that treads the' Arcadian grove
Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph his softer fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains;
He 'midst the graceful of superior grace,
And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.
Thy fruitful influence guardian Juno shed,
And crown the pleasures of the genial bed:
Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'st thou shower thy choicest gifts on those
Who boldly rival thy most hated foes;
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

TO

A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

OH! form'd by Nature and refin'd by art,
With charms to win and sense to fix the heart,
By thousands sought, Clotilda! canst thou free
Thy crowd of captives and descend to me;
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
A hidden beauty and a country wife?

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O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream.
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain [train;
Where Thames through meadows rolls his mazy
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks and spreads his ample shade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the visionary seat
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green,
Thou nameless lawn and village yet unseen,
Where sons contented with their native ground
Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round,
And the tann'd peasant and his ruddy bride
Were born together, and together died;
Where early larks best tell the morning light,
And only Philomel disturbs the night?
'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dies;
All savage where the' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend;
And oh! if Heav'n the' ambitious thought approve,
A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove;
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Gush down the steep and glitter through the glade.
What cheering scents these bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle and the sprightly horn,
Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.

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Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach or flavour'd nectarine,
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear the' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
While from thy needle rise the silken flow'rs,
And thou by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
Resume the volume and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,
Soft whispering let me warn my love to rest,
Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every sense,
And to sweet Heav'n commend thy innocence!
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants large, well spread and right;
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night.
Mark how the' embroider'd col'nel sneaks away
To shun the withering dame that made him gay.
That knave to gain a title lost his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame:
This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,
And oaks unnumber'd bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
Acquires strange wants that Nature never knew;
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps perverse the cheerful suns away;
From goblets high-embost his wine must glide,
Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide.
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes:

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For this are Nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience and the bonds of blood;
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain:
Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh or priests to rage,
And yet just curse on man's aspiring kind!
Prone to ambition, to example blind.
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
And the same errors be for ever new.
Meanwhile in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings cheers the' imagin'd plain.
Hail humble shades! where truth and silence dwell;
Thou noisy Town and faithless Court! farewell;
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame,
The thirst of lucre and the charm of fame;
In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days though number'd shall be all my own:
Here shall they end, (O might they twice begin)
And all be white the Fates intend to spin.

TO A LADY.

WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

The fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
The choicest stores that youthful summer yields,
Strephon to fair Eliza hath convey'd,
The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid!
O cheer the flowers, my fair! and let them rest
On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
And there regale the smell and charm the view,
With richer odours and a lovelier hue.

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Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flow'r,
Thy form divine and beauty's matchless pow'r:
Faint near thy cheeks the bright carnation glows,
And thy ripe lips outblush the opening rose;
The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,
Lost in thy bosom's more unsullied white;
And wreaths of jasmine shed perfumes beneath
The' ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.
Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair;
How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!
But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,
The fading lustre of one hastening day:
This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,
The roses wither, and the lilies pine.
The garland's fate to thine shall be applied,
And what advanc'd thy form, shall check thy pride.
Be wise, my fair! the present hour improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waste of love:
Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
And that which show'd thy beauty, show its use.

ON A LADY's PICTURE.

TO GILFORD LAWSON, ESQ.

As Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
He sigh'd and languish'd for the jilting shade;
For Cupid taught the artist-hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
Now he laments a look so falsely fair,
And almost damns what yet resembles her;

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Now he devours it with his longing eyes,
Now sated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again and dies.
Her ivory neck his lips presume to kiss,
And his bold hands the swelling bosom press;
The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain desire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancied fire.
Strange power of paint! thou nice creator, Art!
What love inspires may life itself impart.
Struck with like wounds of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid.
Clasp, new Pygmalion! clasp the seeming charms,
Perhaps ev'n now the' enlivening image warms,
Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms;
Thy arms, which shall with fire so fierce invade,
That she at once shall be, and cease to be a maid.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

To Whitton's shades and Hounslow's airy plain
Thou, Kneller! tak'st thy summer flights in vain;
In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa and well-order'd bow'rs;
To court thy pencil, early at thy gates
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
The boastful Muse, of others' fame so sure,
Implores thy aid to make her own secure:
The Great, the Fair, and if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd, the Arts solicit thee.

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How canst thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe sever'd by the circling main,
Sought by the kings of every distant land,
And every hero worthy of thy hand?
Hadst thou forgot, that mighty Bourbon fear'd
He still was mortal till thy draught appear'd?
That Cosmo chose thy glowing form, to place
Amidst her masters of the Lombard race?
See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns
Her falling arts forlorn Hesperia mourns,
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.

Let the faint copier on old Tiber's shore,
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,
Line after line with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;
Vain care of parts: if, impotent of soul,
The' industrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid denied,
The kindest mistress and the surest guide,
To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,
And place the fairest in the fairest light.
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy palette lie the blended oils,
Thy careless chalk has half achiev'd thy art,
And her just image makes Cleora start.

A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found;
Half-learn'd, half-painters, and half-wits abound.
Few like thy genius at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

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Such be thy life. O since the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth, flames unsubdued by age,
Though wealth nor fame now touch thy sated mind,
Still tinge the canvass, bounteous to mankind!
Since after thee may rise an impious line,
Coarse manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on till fate dissolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

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ODES.

OCCASIONED BY HIS

EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF STANHOPE'S

VOYAGE TO FRANCE, 1718.

——— Idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli. HOR.

FAIR daughter once of Windsor's woods,
In safety o'er the rolling floods
Britannia's boast and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear!
May winds propitious on his way
The minister of peace convey,
Nor rebel wave nor rising storm
Great George's liquid realms deform.

Our vows are heard; thy crowded sails
Already swell with western gales,
Already Albion's coast retires,
And Calais multiplies her spires.
At length has royal Orleans prest
With open arms the well-known guest,
Before in sacred friendship join'd,
And now in counsels for mankind.

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Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repose;
They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bless whole ages yet to come.
Henceforth, great Brunswick shall decree
What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea,
For whom the Tuscan grape shall glow,
And fruitful Arethusa flow.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine;
Nor, Ebro! let thy single rage
With half the warring world engage:
Oh! call to mind thy thousands slain,
And Almanara's fatal plain,
While yet the Gallic terrors sleep,
Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

INSCRIBED TO

THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND

AT WINDSOR.

Thou dome! where Edward first enroll'd
His red-cross Knights and Barons bold,
Whose vacant seats, by virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have sought,
Where Britain's foremost names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hostile nations moan,
Or brought a blessing on their own;

Once more a son of Spencer waits,
A name familiar to thy gates,

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Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd
The Garter, while thy founder reign'd;
He offer'd here his dinted shield,
The dread of Gauls in Cressy's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

These seats our sires, a hardy kind!
To the fierce sons of War confin'd,
The flower of chivalry! who drew
With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew,
Or with heav'd pole-axe clear'd the field,
Or who in justs and tourneys skill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd
Threw horse and horsemen to the ground.

In after times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the list were join'd;
Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimson Crosses glow'd,
But on just lawgivers bestow'd;
These emblems Cecil did invest,
And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's breast.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,
Fix'd huge Orion in the skies;
And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Bespangled with a thousand stars:
Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler constellations roll,
In the blue heavens the lyre she strung,
And near the Maid the Balance [1] hung.

[1] Names of constellations.

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Then, Spencer! mount amid the band
Where knights and kings promiscuous stand.
What though the hero's flame repress
Burns calmly in thy generous breast;
Yet who more dauntless to oppose
In doubtful days our home-bred foes?
Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,
Or view'd with less desiring eye?

The sage who large of soul surveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide
Which seas, and tongues, and faiths divide,
A nobler name in Windsor's shrine
Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,
Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame?
My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind:
For those whom bloody garlands crown
The brass may breathe, the marble frown:
To him, through every rescued land,
Ten thousand living trophies stand.

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TRANSLATIONS.

PART OF

THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæsar having resolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's Lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the same field. The behaviour of their soldiers at their seeing and knowing one another, is the subject of the following verses.

THEIR ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering soldiers knew;
Brother with brother in unnatural strife,
And the son arm'd against the father's life.
Curs'd Civil war! then conscience first was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand;
To vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run with transport to the longing foe.
Here the long-lost acquaintance neighbours claim;
There an old friend recals his comrade's name;
Youths who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.

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Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief!
And kisses broke by sobs the words of grief.
Though yet no blood was spilt, each anxious mind
With horror thinks on what his rage design'd.
Ah! generous youths! why thus with fruitless pain
Beat ye those breasts? why gush those eyes in vain?
Why blame ye Heav'n, and charge your guilt on Fate?
Why dread the tyrant whom yourselves make great?
Bids he the trumpet sound? the trumpet slight;
Bids he the standard move? refuse the fight.
Your generals left by you, will love again
A son and father, when they're private men.

Kind Concord, heavenly born! whose blissful reign
Holds the vast globe in one surrounding chain,
Whose laws the jarring elements control,
And knit each atom close from pole to pole;
Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!
This lucky hour thy aid, fair goddess! bring;
This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times:
No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;
They know their duty now their friends are known.
Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be;
New crimes by love enhanc'd this night shall see:
Such is the will of Fate, and such the hard decree.

'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
The soldiers mingling cheerful feasts prepare;
On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground:
Around the fire they talk; one shows his scars,
One tells what chance first led him to the wars:
Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,
And the mute circle listens to the tale.

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They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could hate,
Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate:
Their love revives to make them guiltier grow;
A short-liv'd blessing but to heighten woe!
When to Petreius first the news was told
The jealous general thought his legions sold:
Swift with the guards, his headstrong fury drew
From out his camp, he drives the hostile crew,
Cuts clasping friends asunder with his sword,
And stains with blood each hospitable board.
Then thus his wrath breaks out: 'Oh, lost to fame!
Oh, false to Pompey and the Roman name!
Can ye not conquer? ye degenerate bands!
Oh! die at least, 'tis all that Rome demands.
What! will ye own, while ye can wield the sword,
A rebel standard and usurping lord?
Shall he be sued to take you into place
Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace?
What! shall my life be begg'd? inglorious thought!
And life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought!
The toils we bear, my friends! are not for life,
Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife;
But peace would lead to servitude and shame,
A fair amusement and a specious name.
Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tow'r,
Ne'er had the steed in harness sought the plain,
Or fleets encounter'd on the' unstable main,
Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd,
Or peace to glorious liberty prefer'd.
By guilty oaths the hostile army bound,
Holds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground:

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Are you perfidious who espouse the laws,
And traitors only in a righteous cause?
Oh shame! in vain through nations far and wide
Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,
Fall'n Pompey! while thy legions here betray
Thy cheap-bought life, and treat thy fame away.'
He ended fierce: the soldier's rage returns,
His blood flies upward, and his bosom burns.
So haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,
Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands;
But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,
He yells amain and makes his dungeon roar;
He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,
And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.
Now deeds are done which man might charge aright
On stubborn Fate, or undiscerning Night,
Had not their guilt the lawless soldiers known,
And made the whole malignity their own.
The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,
And breasts are stab'd that were embrac'd before.
Pity awhile their hands from slaughter kept,
Inward they groan'd, and as they drew they wept;
But every blow their wavering rage assures,
In murder hardens, and to blood inures:
Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends descry,
But sires by sons, and sons by fathers die.
Black monstrous rage! each with victorious cries
Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,
Exults in guilt that throws the only shame
On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

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THE

FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

DEDICATION.

When I first entered upon this translation I was ambitious of dedicating it to the late Earl of Halifax; but being prevented from doing myself that honour by the unspeakable loss which our country hath sustained in the death of that extraordinary person, I hope I shall not be blamed for presuming to make a Dedication of it to his memory. The greatness of his name will justify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work which (if it had deserved his patronage) is perhaps the only one inscribed to his lordship, that will escape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from such a Dedication, that nothing I could say in it would be suspected of flattery: besides, that the world would take a pleasure in hearing those things said of this great man now he is dead, which he himself would have been offended at when living. But though I am sensible so amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the public, were I able to draw it in its full extent; I should be censured very deservedly should I venture upon an undertaking to which I am by no means equal.

His consummate knowledge in all kinds of busi-

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ness, his winning eloquence in public assemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the share he had in conveying the supreme power to an illustrious family, famous for being friends to mankind, are subjects easy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhausted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of so generous and universal a patron.

He rested not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himself was so great a master, but was actuated by that humanity they naturally inspire, which gave rise to many excellent writers who have cast a light upon the age in which he lived, and will distinguish it to posterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been published for several years but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or supported by his approbation, or recompensed by his bounty: and if the succession of men who excel in most of the refined arts should not continue, though some may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen, those who are acquainted with his lordship's character will know more justly how to account for it.

The cause of liberty will receive no small advantage in future times, when it shall be observed that the Earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that most of those who were eminent in the several parts of polite or useful learning, were by his influence and example engaged in the same interest.

I hope, therefore, the public will excuse my am-

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bition for thus intruding into the number of those applauded men who have paid him this kind of homage; especially since I am also prompted to it by gratitude for the protection with which he had begun to honour me, and do it at a time when he cannot suffer by the importunity of my acknowledgments.

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THE

FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

TO THE READER.

I must inform the Reader that when I begun this first book I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad, but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's Odysseis, wherein I have already made some progress.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence discord rose
That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O goddess sing. Full many a hero's ghost
Was driv'n untimely to the' infernal coast,
While in promiscuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feast for dogs and every bird of prey.
So did the sire of gods and men fulfil
His stedfast purpose, and almighty will;
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
Atrides king of men and Peleus' godlike son.
What god in strife the princes did engage?
Apollo! burning with vindictive rage
Against the scornful king, whose impious pride
His priest dishonour'd and his pow'r defied;
Hence swift contagion, by the gods' commands,
Swept through the camp and thin'd the Grecian bands.

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For wealth immense the holy Chryses bore
His daughter's ransom to the tented shore:
His sceptre stretching forth, the golden rod
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god;
Of all the host, of every princely chief,
But first of Atreus' sons he begg'd relief:
'Great Atreus' sons and warlike Greeks attend!
So may the' immortal gods your cause befriend,
So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
And, rich in gather'd spoils, to Greece return.
As for these gifts, my daughter, you bestow,
And reverence due to great Apollo show,
Jove's favourite offspring, terrible in war,
Who sends his shafts unerring from afar.'
Throughout the host consenting murmurs rise,
The priest to reverence and give back the prize,
When the great king, incens'd, his silence broke
In words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke:
'Hence, dotard! from my sight, nor ever more
Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden shore,
Lest thou stretch forth my fury, to restrain
The wreaths and sceptre of thy god in vain.
The captive maid I never will resign;
Till age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine:
To distant Argos shall the fair be led;
She shall, to ply the loom and grace my bed.
Begone, ere evil intercept thy way:
Hence on thy life, nor urge me by thy stay.'
He ended frowning. Speechless and dismay'd
The aged sire his stern command obey'd.
Silent he pass'd amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling billows on the lonely shore:
Far from the camp he pass'd, then suppliant stood,
And thus the hoary priest invok'd his god:

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'Dread warrior with the silver bow! give ear;
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla hear:
To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs:
Propitious Smintheus! oh, redress my wrongs!
If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,
The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
O hear my prayer! Let Greece thy fury know,
And with thy shafts avenge thy servant's woe!'
Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry;
Down rush'd the vengeful warrior from the sky.
Across his breast the glittering bow he flung,
And at his back the well-stor'd quiver hung:
(His arrows rattled as he urg'd his flight.)
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight,
Then took his stand the well-aim'd shaft to throw;
Fierce sprung the string, and twang'd the silver bow.
The dogs and mules his first keen arrow slew,
Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,
A deathful dart! The funeral piles around
For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.
Nine days entire he vex'd the' embattled host;
The tenth, Achilles through the winding coast
Summon'd a council by the queen's command,
Who wields heaven's sceptre in her snowy hand:
She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now enclose
The hero, swiftly speaking as he rose:
'What now, O Atreus' son! remains in view,
But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,
Doom'd to destruction, while our wasted pow'rs
The sword and pestilence at once devours?
Why haste we not some prophet's skill to prove,
Or seek by dreams? (for dreams descend from Jove.)
What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
What vow withheld, what hecatomb unslain;

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And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
The price for guilt, and turn this curse away?'
Thus he: and next the reverend Calchas rose,
Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians chose;
The prince of augurs! whose enlighten'd eye
Could things past, present, and to come, descry!
Such wisdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
'Me then commandst thou, lov'd of Jove! to show
What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow?
First plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
By words to aid me or by arms defend;
For I foresee his rage whose ample sway
The Argian pow'rs and sceptred chiefs obey.
The wrath of kings what subject can oppose?
Deep in their breasts the smother'd vengeance glows,
Still watchful to destroy. Swear, valiant youth!
Swear, wilt thou guard me if I speak the truth?'
To this Achilles swift replies: 'Be bold,
Disclose what Phœbus tells thee uncontroll'd.
By him who listening to thy powerful pray'r
Reveals the secret, I devoutly swear
That while these eyes behold the light, no hand
Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded strand;
Not Atreus' son, though now himself he boast
The king of men, and sovereign of the host.'
Then boldly he:—'Nor does the god complain
Of vows withheld, or hecatombs unslain.
Chryseïs to her awful sire refus'd,
The gifts rejected, and the priest abus'd,
Call down these judgments; and for more they call,
Just ready on the' exhausted camp to fall:
Till ransom-free the damsel is bestow'd,
And hecatombs are sent to sooth the god,

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To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
The gifts may expiate and the priest assuage.'
He spoke and sat; when with an angry frown
The chief of kings upstarted from his throne.
Disdain and vengeance in his bosom rise,
Lour in his brow and sparkle in his eyes;
Full at the priest their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent.
'Augur of ills, (for never good to me
Did that most inauspicious voice decree)
For ever ready to denounce my woes,
When Greece is punish'd I am still the cause;
And now, when Phœbus spreads his plagues abroad
And wastes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
Because my blooming captive I detain,
And the large ransom is produc'd in vain.
Fond of the maid, my queen in beauty's pride
Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
Not Clytemnestra boasts a nobler grace,
A sweeter temper or a lovelier face,
In works of female skill hath more command,
Or guides the needle with a nicer hand:
Yet she shall go; the fair our peace shall buy;
Better I suffer than my people die.
But mark me well; see instantly prepar'd
A full equivalent, a new reward:
Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his share,
Your chief should lose his portion of the war;
In vain your chief, whilst the dear prize I boast
Is wrested from me and for ever lost.'
To whom the swift pursuer quick replied;
'Oh sunk in avarice, and swoln with pride!
How shall the Greeks, though large of soul they be,
Collect their sever'd spoils, a heap for thee

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To search anew, and cull the choicest share
Amid the mighty harvest of the war?
Then yield thy captive to the god resign'd,
Assur'd a tenfold recompence to find
When Jove's decree shall throw proud Ilion down,
And give to plunder the devoted town.'

'Think not, (Atrides answer'd) though you shine
Graceful in beauty like the pow'rs divine,
Think not thy wiles, in specious words convey'd,
From its firm purpose shall my soul dissuade.
Must I, alone bereft, sit down with shame,
And thou insulting keep thy captive dame?
If, as I ask'd, the large-soul'd Greeks consent
Full recompence to give, I stand content:
If not, a prize I shall myself decree
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee;
While the proud prince despoil'd shall rage in vain.
But break we here; the rest let time explain.
Launch now a well-trimm'd galley from the shore,
With hands experienc'd at the bending oar;
Enclose the hecatomb, and then with care
To the high deck convey the captive fair.
The sacred bark let sage Ulysses guide,
Or Ajax or Idomeneus preside;
Or thou, O mighty man! the chief shall be,
And who more fit to sooth the god than thee?'

'Shameless, and poor of soul! (the prince replies,
And on the monarch casts his scornful eyes)
What Greek henceforth will march at thy command
In search of danger on the doubtful strand?
Who, in the face of day, provoke the fight,
Or tempt the secret ambush of the night?
Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free,
For ne'er was Priam's house a foe to me:

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Far from their inroads, in my pastures feed
The lowing heifer and the pamper'd steed.
On Phthia's hills our fruits securely grow,
And ripen careless of the distant foe;
Between whose realms and our Thessalian shore
Unnumber'd mountains rise and billows roar.
For thine and for thy baffled brother's fame
Across those seas, disdainful man! I came;
Yet, Insolent! by arbitrary sway
Thou talk'st of seizing on my rightful prey,
The prize whose purchase toils and dangers cost,
And giv'n by suffrage of the Grecian host.
What town, when sack'd by our victorious bands,
But still brought wealth to those rapacious hands?
To me, thus scorn'd, contented dost thou yield
My share of blood in the tumultuous field;
But still the flower of all the spoil is thine:
There claim'st thou most, nor e'er did I repine:
Whate'er was giv'n, I took, and thought it best,
With slaughter tir'd, and panting after rest.
To Phthia now, for I shall fight no more,
My ships their crooked prows shall turn from shore.
When I am scorn'd, I think I well foresee
What spoils and pillage will be won by thee.'
'Hence, (cried the monarch) hence without delay;
Think not, vain man! my voice shall urge thy stay:
Others thou leav'st to the great cause inclin'd;
A league of kings thou leav'st and Jove behind.
Of all the chiefs dost thou oppose me most:
Outrage and uproar are thy only boast,
Discord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
If thou art strong 'tis Jove hath made thee so.

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Go, at thy pleasure, none will stop thy way;
Go, bid thy base-born Myrmidons obey.
Thou nor thy rage shall my resolves subdue;
I fix my purpose, and my threats renew.
Since 'tis decreed, I must the maid restore,
A ship shall waft her to the' offended pow'r;
But fair Briseïs, thy allotted prize,
Myself will seize, and seize before thy eyes,
That thou and each audacious man may see
How vain the rash attempt to cope with me.'
Stung to the soul, tumultuous thoughts began
This way and that to rend the godlike man.
To force a passage with his falchion drawn,
And hurl the' imperial boaster from his throne
He now resolves; and now resolves again
To quell his fury, and his arm restrain.
While thus by turns his rage and reason sway'd,
And, half unsheath'd, he held the glittering blade,
That moment Juno, whose impartial eye
Watch'd o'er them both, sent Pallas from the sky:
She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
(To him alone the radiant goddess shin'd;)
Sudden he turn'd, and started with surprise;
Rage and revenge flash'd dreadful in his eyes.
Then thus with hasty words: 'O heavenly-born!
'Com'st thou to see proud Agamemnon's scorn?
But thou shalt see (my sword shall make it good)
This glutted sand smoke with the tyrant's blood.'
'To sooth thy soul,' the blue-eyed maid replies,
'(If thou obey my voice) I left the skies:
Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this command;
Suppress thy wrath and stay thy vengeful hand;

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Be all thy rage in tauntful words exprest,
But guiltless let the thirsty falchion rest.
Mark what I speak: An hour is on its way
When gifts tenfold for this affront shall pay;
Suppress thy wrath, and Heaven and me obey.'
Then he: 'I yield, though with reluctant mind:
Who yields to Heav'n shall Heav'n propitious find.'
The silver hilt close grasping, at the word
Deep in the sheath he plung'd his mighty sword.
The goddess, turning, darted from his sight,
And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.
But fierce Achilles in a thundering tone
Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on:
'Valiant with wine, and furious from the bowl,
Thou fierce-look'd talker, with a coward soul!
War's glorious peril ever slow to share,
Aloof thou viewst the field, for death is there:
'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to sway,
And peel the Greeks at will, who disobey;
A tyrant-lord o'er slaves to earth debas'd,
For had they souls, this outrage were thy last.
But thou my fix'd, my final purpose, hear:
By this dread sceptre solemnly I swear,
By this (which once from out the forest torn,
Nor leaf nor shade shall ever more adorn,
Which never more its verdure must renew,
Lopp'd from the vital stem whence first it grew,
But giv'n by Jove, the sons of men to awe,
Now sways the nations, and confirms the law)
A day shall come, when for this hour's disdain
The Greeks shall wish for me, and wish in vain;
Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted aid afford,
When heaps on heaps shall fall by Hector's sword;

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Too late with anguish shall thy heart be torn,
That the first Greek was made the public scorn.'
He said; and mounting with a furious bound,
He dash'd his studded sceptre on the ground;
Then sat: Atrides, eager to reply,
On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.
'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compose,
The Pylian prince, the smooth-speech Nestor rose.
His tongue dropp'd honey: full of days was he;
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see,
And his first race of subjects long decay'd,
O'er their son's sons a peaceful sceptre sway'd.
'Alas for Greece! (he cries) and with what joy
Shall Priam hear, and every son of Troy,
That you, the first in wisdom as in wars,
Waste your great souls in poor ignoble jars!
Go to! you both are young; yet, oft rever'd,
Greater than you have the wise Nestor heard:
Their equals never shall these eyes behold,
Cæneus the just, Pirithoüs the bold,
Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land;
Theseus unrivall'd in his sires abodes,
And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.
They, greatest names that ancient story knows,
In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes,
Fearless through rocks and wilds their prey pursued,
And the huge double Centaur-race subdued.
With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam
Through regions far from my sweet native home;
They call'd me to the wars: no living hand
Could match their valour or their strength withstand;

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Yet wont they oft my sage advice to hear:
Then listen both with an attentive ear.
Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous slave,
The' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave;
Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone,
Urge him to wrath who fills that sacred throne,
The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.
Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,
Thou must obey a power more great than thine;
And thou, O king! forbear: myself will sue;
Great Thetis' son his vengeance to subdue;
Great Thetis' valiant son, our country's boast,
The shield and bulwark of the Grecian host!'

'Wise are thy words, O sire! (the king began)
But what can satiate this aspiring man?
Unbounded power he claims o'er humankind,
And hopes for slaves, I trust he ne'er shall find.
Shall we, because the gods have form'd him strong,
Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue?'

'If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well despise
My name, (the prince precipitate replies)
In vain thou nod'st from thy imperial throne;
Thy vassals seek elsewhere, for I am none.
But break we here. The fair, though justly mine,
With sword undrawn I purpose to resign:
On aught beside, I once for all command,
Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous hand:
Come not within my reach, nor dare advance,
Or thy heart's blood shall reek upon my lance.'

Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day;
The council broke, each takes his separate way:

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Achilles seeks his tent with restless mind,
Patroclus and his train move slow behind.
Meantime a bark was haul'd along the sand;
Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,
Tug the tough oars at the great king's command.
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
Are all intrusted to Ulysses' care.
They mount the deck, the vessel takes its flight,
Bounds o'er the surge and lessens to the sight.
Next he ordains, along the winding coast,
By hallow'd rites to purify the host:
A herd of chosen victims they provide,
And cast their offals on the briny tide:
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die,
In clouds the savoury steam ascends the sky.
The Greeks to Heaven their solemn vows addrest,
But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breast:
Obsequious at his call two heralds stand,
To them in frowns he gives this harsh command:
'Ye heralds! to Achilles' tent repair,
Thence, swift the female slave Briseïs bear,
With arms, if disobey'd, myself will come:
Bid him resign her, or he tempts his doom.'
The heralds, though unwillingly, obey;
Along the sea-beat shore they speed their way;
And now the Myrmidonian quarter past,
At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.
Disturb'd the solemn messengers he saw;
They, too, stood silent with respectful awe
Before the royal youth: they neither spoke:
He guess'd their message, and the silence broke:
'Ye ministers of gods and men! draw near;
Not you but him whose heralds ye appear,

Robb'd of my right, I blame. Patroclus, bring
The damsel forth for this disdainful king.
But ye my wrongs, O heralds! bear in mind,
And clear me to the gods and all mankind;
Ev'n to your thoughtless king, if ever more
My aid be wanted on the hostile shore.
Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain doom,
Blind to the past, nor sees the woes to come;
His best defence thus rashly to forego,
And leave a naked army to the foe.'

He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
And usher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
Sore sigh'd she, as the heralds took her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,
Far from his friends sat bath'd in tears alone;
On the cold beach he sat, and fix'd his eyes
Where black with storms the curling billows rise,
And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd,
With outstretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd:

'Since to short life thy hapless son was born,
Great Jove stands bound by promise, to adorn
His stinted course with an immortal name.
Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
The son of Atreus, proud of lawless sway,
Demands, possesses, and enjoys my prey.'

Near her old sire enthron'd, she heard him weep
From the low silent caverns of the deep;
Then in a morning mist her head she rears,
Sits by her son, and mingles tears with tears;
Close grasps her darling's hand: 'My son! (she cries)
Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy eyes?

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Oh! tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,
That both may know it, and that both may share.'
'Oh goddess! (cried he with an inward groan)
Thou know'st it all; to thee are all things known.
Eëtian Thebes we sack'd; their ransack'd tow'rs,
The plunder of a people, all was ours.
We stood agreed the booty to divide:
Chryseïs, rosy-cheek'd and glossy-ey'd,
Fell to the king; but holy Chryses bore
Vast gifts of ransom to the tented shore:
His sceptre stretching forth (the golden rod
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)
Of all the host, of every princely chief,
But first of Atreus' sons, he begg'd relief.
Throughout the host, consenting murmurs ran
To yield her to the venerable man;
But the harsh king denied to do him right,
And drove the trembling prophet from his sight.
Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry,
And dealt his arrows through the' infected sky;
The swift contagion sent by his commands,
Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.
The guilty cause a sacred augur show'd,
And I first mov'd to mitigate the god.
At this the tyrant storm'd, and vengeance vow'd,
And now too soon hath made his threatenings good.
Chryseïs first with gifts to Chrysa sent,
His heralds came this moment to my tent
And bore Briseïs thence, my beauteous slave,
The' allotted prize which the leagued Grecians gave.
Thou, goddess! then, and thou I know hast pow'r,
For thine own son the might of Jove implore.
Oft in my father's house I've heard thee tell,
When sudden fears on Heaven's great monarch fell,

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Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,
And sav'd the mighty Thunderer from shame.
Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno bound
The sire in chains, and hem'd their sovereign round.
Thy voice, O goddess! broke their idle bands,
And call'd the giant of the hundred hands,
Thy prodigy whom heaven and earth revere,
Briareus nam'd above, Ægeon here:
His father, Neptune, he in strength surpass'd;
At Jove's right-hand his hideous form he plac'd,
Proud of his might: the gods with secret dread
Beheld the huge enormous shape, and fled.
Remind him then, for well thou know'st the art;
Go clasp his knees and melt his mighty heart.
Let the driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,
Seek the last verge of this tempestuous main:
There let them perish, void of all relief,
My wrongs remember and enjoy their chief:
Too late with anguish shall his heart be torn,
That the first Greek was made the public scorn.'
Then she (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er)
'Why bore I thee, or nourish'd when I bore?
Blest, if within thy tent, and free from strife,
Thou might'st possess thy poor remains of life!
Thy death approaching now the Fates foreshow;
Short is thy destin'd term, and full of woe.
Ill-fated thou! and oh, unhappy I!
But hence to the celestial courts I fly,
Where, hid in snow, to heaven Olympus swells,
And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
Meantime, my son! indulge thy just disdain,
Vent all thy rage, and shun the hostile plain
Till Jove returns. Last night my waves he crost,
And sought the distant Ethiopian coast;

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Along the skies his radiant course he steer'd,
Behind him all the train of gods appear'd,
A bright procession! To the holy feast
Of blameless men he goes a grateful guest:
To heaven he comes when twice six days are o'er,
Then shall my voice the sire of gods implore;
Then to his lofty mansion will I pass,
Founded on rocks of ever-during brass;
There will I clasp his knees with wonted art,
Nor doubt, my son! but I shall melt his heart.'
She ceas'd, and left him lost in doubtful care,
And bent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.
But safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred strand
The sage Ulysses now advanc'd to land;
Along the coast he shoots with swelling gales,
Then lowers the lofty mast and furls the sails,
Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
And drops his anchors near the faithful shore.
The bark now fix'd amid the rolling tide,
Chryseïs follows her experienc'd guide:
The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,
A herd of bulls, went bellowing o'er the coast:
To the god's fane, high looking o'er the land,
He led, and near the altar took his stand,
Then gave her to the joyful father's hand.
'All hail! Atrides sets thy daughter free,
Sends offerings to thy god and gifts to thee:
But thou intreat the power whose dreadful sway
Afflicts his camp and sweeps his host away.'
He said, and gave her. The fond father smil'd
With secret rapture, and embrac'd his child.
The victims now they range in chosen bands,
And offer gifts with unpolluted hands;

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When with loud voice and arms uprear'd in air
The hoary priest prefer'd this powerful pray'r:
'Dread warrior with the silver bow! give ear:
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla hear!
About this dome thou walk'st thy constant round:
Still have my vows thy power propitious found:
Rous'd by my prayers, ev'n now thy vengeance burns,
And, smit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
Hear me once more, and let the suppliant foe
Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow!'
He pray'd; and great Apollo heard his pray'r.
The suppliants now their votive rites prepare:
Amid the flames they cast the hallow'd bread;
And heavenward turn each victim's destin'd head;
Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,
And from each carcass rend the smoking hide;
On every limb large rolls of fat bestow,
And chosen morsels round the offerings strow;
Mysterious rites! then on the fire divine
The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine;
Himself the offering burns. On either hand
A troop of youths in decent order stand;
On sharpen'd forks obedient to the sire,
They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire;
Adorn the feast, see every dish well stor'd,
And serve the plenteous messes to the board.
When now the various feast had cheer'd their souls,
With sparkling wines they crown the generous bowls;
The first libations to Apollo pay,
And solemnize with sacred hymns the day:
His praise in Io Pæans loud they sing,
And sooth the rage of the far-shooting king.

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At evening through the shore dispers'd they sleep,
Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.
When now, ascending from the shades of night,
Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,
The daughter of the Dawn; the' awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd, their course renew.
The breezes freshen; for with friendly gales
Apollo swell'd their wide-distended sails:
Cleft by the rapid prow the waves divide,
And in hoarse murmurs break on either side:
In safety to the destin'd port they past,
And fix'd their bark with grappling halsers fast,
Then dragg'd her farther on the dry land coast,
Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the host.
But fierce Achilles, still on vengeance bent,
Cherish'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
The' assembled chiefs he shun'd with high disdain,
A band of kings, nor sought the hostile plain,
But long'd to hear the distant troops engage,
The strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.
Twelve days were past, and now the' ethereal train,
Jove at their head, to heaven return'd again,
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to rise,
Shot through a big-swoln wave and pierc'd the skies.
At early morn she reach'd the realms above,
The court of gods, the residence of Jove.
On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
With hills on hills, him far apart she found
Above the rest. The earth beneath display'd
(A boundless prospect!) his broad eye survey'd.
Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
And touch'd with blandishment his awful beard;
Then suppliant with submissive voice implor'd
Old Saturn's son, the god by gods ador'd;

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'If e'er, by rebel deities oppress,
My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one request.
Since to short life my hapless son was born,
Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.
Punish the king of men, whose lawless sway
Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd prey.
Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
And doubled honours to my offspring give.'
She said; the god vouchsaf'd not to reply,
(A deep suspense sat in his thoughtful eye:)
Once more around his knees the goddess clung,
And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue:
'Oh! speak; or grant me or deny my pray'r;
Fear not to speak what I am doom'd to bear,
That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
The most despis'd of all the gods am I.'
With a deep sigh the Thundering Power replies:—
'To what a height will Juno's anger rise!
Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
I grant thy suit. But hence; depart unseen,
And shun the sight of heaven's suspicious queen.
Believe my nod, the great, the certain sign,
When Jove propitious hears the powers divine,
The sign that ratifies my high command
That thus I will; and what I will shall stand.'
This said, his kingly brow the sire inclin'd;
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the god:
Olympus trembled at the' almighty nod.
The goddess smil'd; and with a sudden leap
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celestial tow'rs,
And, as he rose, up rose the' immortal pow'rs,

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In ranks on either side the' assembly cast,
Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he past.
To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen
Close at his knees the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides
Aged and hoary in the deep resides)
Big with invectives Juno silence broke,
And thus opprobrious her resentments spoke:
'False Jove! what goddess whispering did I see?
O fond of counsels still conceal'd from me!
To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
One single thought of thy close-cover'd heart.'
To whom the sire of gods and men replied:
'Strive not to find what I decree to hide;
Laborious were the search, and vain the strife,
Vain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.
The thoughts and counsels proper to declare,
Nor god nor mortal shall before thee share;
But what my secret wisdom shall ordain,
Think not to reach, for know the thought were vain.'
'Dread Saturn's son! why so severe? (replies
The goddess of the large majestic eyes.)
Thy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide or show;
Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.
Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unseen
To thy high throne the silver-footed queen,
Daughter of him who low beneath the tides,
Aged and hoary, in the deep resides.
Thy nod assures me she was not denied,
And Greece must perish for a madman's pride.'
To whom the god whose hand the tempest forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heav'n with storms,

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Thus wrathful answer'd: 'Dost thou still complain?
Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain;
Shouldst thou disclose the dark event to come,
How wilt thou stop the' irrevocable doom?
This serves the more to sharpen my disdain,
And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.
Be silent then; dispute not my command,
Nor tempt the force of this superior hand,
Lest all the gods around thee leagued, engage
In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage.'
Mute and abash'd, she sat without reply,
And downward turn'd her large majestic eye,
Nor further durst the' offended sire provoke:
The gods around him trembled as he spoke;
When Vulcan, for his mother sore distrest,
Turn'd orator, and thus his speech addrest:
'Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
Stir up debate among the powers divine,
If things on earth disturb the blest abodes,
And mar the' ambrosial banquet of the gods!
Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be:
Let me advise her silent to obey,
And due submission to our father pay,
Nor force again his gloomy rage to rise
Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the skies;
For should he toss her from the' Olympian hill
Who could resist the mighty monarch's will?
Then thou to love the Thunderer reconcile,
And tempt him kindly on us all to smile.'
He said; and in his tottering hands upbore
A double goblet, fill'd and foaming o'er.
'Sit down, dear mother! with a heart content,
Nor urge a more disgraceful punishment;

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Which if great Jove inflict, poor I dismay'd
Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.
Great Jove shall reign for ever uncontroll'd:
Remember when I took thy part of old,
Caught by the heel he swung me round on high,
And headlong hurl'd me from the' ethereal sky:
From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night,
Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a most piteous sight!
The Sintiants hardly could my breath recall,
Giddy and gasping, with the dreadful fall.'

She smil'd; and, smiling, her white arm display'd
To reach the bowl her awkward son convey'd:
From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,
And dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.
The gods laugh'd out, unweary'd as they spied
The busy skinker hop from side to side.

Thus feasting to the full, they pass'd away
In blissful banquets all the livelong day;
Nor wanted melody: with heavenly art
The Muses sung; each Muse perform'd her part,
Alternate warbling, while the golden lyre
Touch'd by Apollo led the vocal choir.
The sun at length declin'd, when every guest
Sought his bright palace and withdrew to rest.
Each had his palace on the' Olympian hill,
A masterpiece of Vulcan's matchless skill.
Ev'n he, the god who heaven's great sceptre sways,
And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze;
His bed of state ascending lay compos'd;
His eyes a sweet refreshing slumber clos'd;
And at his side, all glorious to behold,
Was Juno, lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

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TO A LADY,

WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

Lavish of wit, and bold, appear the lines
Where Claudian's genius in the Phœnix shines;
A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem like its theme adorn'd.
A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.
Each fabled charm in matchless Celia meets,
The heavenly colours and ambrosial sweets;
Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes;
O'erflowing wit imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom disclose,
The' untainted lily and unfolding rose;
Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a siren and you move a grace;
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay
While virtue gives what years shall steal away.
The fair whose youth can boast the worth of age,
In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer Phœnix in a purer flame.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

In utmost ocean lies a lovely isle
Where spring still blooms and greens for ever smile,
Which sees the Sun put on his first array,
And hears his panting steeds bring on the day,
When from the deep they rush with rapid force,
And whirl aloft to run their glorious course,
When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
And glimmering beams dispel the parting night.
In these soft shades, unprest by human feet,
The happy Phœnix keeps his balmy seat;
Far from the world disjoin'd, he reigns alone,
Alike the empire and its king unknown:
A godlike bird! whose endless round of years
Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres.
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the crystal of the murmuring rill,
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey;
Still he renews his life in these abodes,
Contemns the power of fate and mates the gods.
His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play;
High on his crest a star, celestial bright,
Divides the darkness with its piercing light;
His legs are stain'd with purple's lively die,
His azure wings the fleeting winds outfly;
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,
Enrich'd with spangles and bedropt with gold.

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Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate;
Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
And on the funeral pile begin to live;
For when a thousand times the summer sun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
As oft the wintry brought the numbing cold,
Then drops the bird worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.
So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew
The shade and glory of the mountain's brow:
When pierc'd by blasts and spouting clouds o'erspread
It slowly sinking nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds and part by sickly rains,
And wasting age destroys the poor remains.
Then as the silver empress of the night
O'erclouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So frozen with age and shut from light's supplies,
In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,
And those fleet wings for strength and speed renown'd,
Scarce rear the' inactive lumber from the ground.
Mysterious arts a second time create
The bird prophetic of approaching fate:
Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his sire the Sun's intensest rays;
The pile design'd to form his funeral scene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids his spicy heap at once become
A grave destructive and a teeming womb.

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On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phœbus with persuasive cries
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new create him in a deadly blaze.
The god beholds the suppliant from afar,
And stops the progress of his heavenly car.
'O thou (says he) whom harmless fires shall burn,
Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn!
Thou on whom Heav'n has fix'd the' ambiguous doom
To live by ruin and by death to bloom,
Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view!'
Thus speaking, midst the aromatic bed,
A golden beam he tosses from his head;
Swift as desire the shining ruin flies,
And straight devours the willing sacrifice,
Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
Sink into strength, and into life expire.
In flames the circling odours mount on high,
Perfume the air and glitter in the sky;
The moon and stars amaz'd, retard their flight,
And Nature startles at the doubtful sight!
For whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
Yet joys to cherish in the friendly flames
The noblest product of the skill she claims.
The' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear;
In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
And life returning revels in his veins:
A new-born Phœnix starting from the flame
Obtains at once a son's and father's name,

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And the great change of double life displays
In the short moment of one transient blaze!
On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
And to the gods his parent urn commends,
To Egypt bearing with majestic pride
The balmy nest where first he liv'd and died.
Birds of all kinds admire the' unusual sight,
And grace the triumph of his infant flight;
In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky;
Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
Obstruct his journey through the' ethereal space;
The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,
Forego their courage, and consent to fear;
The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king!
Less glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
Commanding legions to the dusty field,
Though sparkling jewels on his helm abound,
And royal gold his awful head surround,
Though rich embroidery paint his purple vest,
And his steed bound in costly trappings drest;
Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
In graceful grandeur and imperial pride.
Fam'd for the worship of the Sun there stands
A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious load,
A grateful offering to the beamy god,
Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze
The seeds and relics of himself he lays;
Whence flaming incense makes the temple shine,
And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine;

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The wafted smell to far Pelusium flies,
To cheer old ocean and enrich the skies;
With nectar's sweets to make the nations smile,
And scent the sevenfold channels of the Nile.
Thrice happy Phœnix! Heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir;
By death thy deathless vigour is supplied,
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside:
Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns:
Whate'er events have been thy eyes survey,
And thou art fixt, while ages roll away:
Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his bed,
O'ertop'd the mountains and the earth o'erspread;
When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
When Nature ceases thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction and elude the grave.

FINIS.

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